



FREUD, MASTER AND FRIEND



*FREUD (from an etching by F. Schmutzer,
1926)*

FREUD

Master and Friend

By HANNS SACHS

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The group picture of "The Seven Rings" was taken in Berlin in 1922 by a professional photographer, the arrangement for it having been made by Dr. Max Eitingon. Of the persons represented in the picture only Dr. Ernest Jones and the author are still among the living.

The picture of "Freud in his Summer Place" with his two dogs is by the renowned photographer Mr. Hans Casparius, formerly in Berlin and now in London.

The translations from the German, prose as well as verse, have all been done by the author, who, as mentioned in the pages of this book, has always been fond of this sort of work.

H. S.

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CHAPTER I

What and Why

THIS book will tell about the founder of psychoanalysis, whom I knew intimately from the early stages of his new science until the time of his death. It does not purport to be anything like a full and rounded biography. For such a task several things would be needed which are not at my disposal, among them the wish to undertake it. This book will not be concerned with delineating his science, nor even first and foremost with the scientist, but with Freud, my master and friend.

In a certain sense this could be called a piece of my autobiography since it concerns the personality of the man who was, and still is, a part—and certainly the most important and absorbing part—of my life. The rest of my life, whatever I may think of it, would hardly seem important to the world in general. My first opening of the *Traumdeutung* (*Interpretation of Dreams*) was the moment of destiny for me—like meeting the “femme fatale”, only with a decidedly more favourable result. Up to that time I had been a young man who was supposedly studying law but not living up to the supposition—a type common enough among the middle class in Vienna at the turn of the century. When I had finished the book, I had found the one thing worthwhile for me to live for; many years

later I discovered that it was also the only thing I could live by.

Freud, when I had met him in person, was the great event and adventure of my life. The milestones I see when I look back on my past are the different stages of our mutual relations and my responses to his new discoveries and ideas. Nearly everything else that happened on my way through life, however deeply I was moved by it, has now become a memory, a curious something that is blood of my blood and bone of my bone, yet with a touch of strangeness, as if I had gone through the experience on another planet. But things that concern Freud have a different character. They are now what they were before—my most vivid experiences. They belong to me still in the same way as they did when I lived through them long ago.

Calling this book my autobiography does not imply that I will steal into the limelight. Quite the contrary; for a long time I rejected with indignation the idea of writing about Freud in any other than a strictly impersonal vein. I did not like the idea of joining the ranks of those dwarfs who boast of their friendship with a giant—a friendship that often progresses in intimacy when the giant is dead. Then one day (it really happened in one day) I looked around and became aware that of those who had formed his intimate circle of disciples and had enjoyed the opportunity to live for many years

near enough to his place of residence for permanent personal contact, there were few survivors. I saw my responsibility and accepted it.

Another person exists who had still better opportunities for observation and whose relations with Freud were incomparably more intimate: his youngest daughter, Anna. I am sure that in the midst of her present work, while she is sheltering the bodies and souls of the war-stricken children in London, to whom she devotes all her time and energy, she feels the same responsibility and will meet it in good time. But at the period of my close association with Freud (1909-1918) she was still too young for the collaboration that later fell to her share. For the writing of a full and competent biography her co-operation will be indispensable. She has everything needed for it: the data and the documents, the ability and the energy.

My book is not based on research. It does not attempt to open historic perspectives. It tells what happened under my eyes and describes it in the way it impressed itself on my memory; it will especially report what Freud said, when and how. Speaking in the first person I wish to appear rather as a faithful recorder than as an actor who played his part on the scene; I do not intend to go out of the way to tell about my own doings and opinions. This will be easy since the shadow cast by his personality is so much longer than my own that it covers it almost entirely and makes it invisible.

I have mentioned that, becoming aware of my responsibility, I was moved to writing. This is the duty to posterity of all those who have known the manner of living and the intimate personal traits of a great man. Who would not wish to earn the gratitude which all the world feels due to those who took the trouble to note down day by day Luther's Table-talks (*Tischgespräche*) or to Eckermann for his Conversations with Goethe (*Gespräche mit Goethe*)? It is not so much that we enjoy the sparks of wit and wisdom—we can find these in their works as well and better—as the chance to make posthumously their personal acquaintance. After we have heard these men talk in their natural voices and witnessed their characteristic manner of acting in everyday life, all that they have thought and written becomes more alive and has a new tangible reality for us. The man and his work reflect light on each other.

This spark of interest, leaping over from the product to its author, will always be aroused by those who deal with emotional problems: poets, artists, prophets and metaphysicians. This is not necessarily the case with scientists, who may be exciting and excited only as far as their work is concerned and become completely uninteresting—at least in their external acts—when they have closed the door of their laboratory or library. But Freud does not belong to this group. The man who explored the unknown regions of the mind, who discovered the hidden springs of love, desire, and passion, cannot

fail to become an interesting—more than that, a fascinating—personality. It was impossible for him to appear commonplace and to efface the mark which his peculiar quest had left on him simply by turning away from his work, since he could never for a moment entirely turn away from it. He had made his own mind his chief laboratory, his untiring self-analysis became the basis for all his analytic discoveries. In spite of his reticence about himself in his books he could not escape—especially in the *Traumdeutung*—from drawing now and again on his inner life; his personality became as much revealed and mysterious to his readers as that of any great writer or poet.

The gratitude for the few books of this intimate kind is as universal as the regret that so many golden opportunities have been lost. What would we give for an Elizabethan account of the talk at the Mermaid Tavern (very likely almost unprintable) and how we would enjoy it if a notebook would come to light in which a friend of Galileo had written down the events of his daily existence, his peculiarities, and some of his small talk! It is nearly always the same story: As long as the great man lives and immediately after his death, it does not seem necessary to those around him to write down what stands vivid before their minds. It looks to them more like embalming his memory than revivifying it. Besides, many inhibitions stand in the way of talking publicly of private and personal matters,

The prospective memoirist feels certain that the sensibilities of some old friends will be hurt without the use of a great deal of caution—and that when it is used his account is hardly worth the writing. The outlook of stepping on several people's feelings, including one's own, is not encouraging; so the right time passes and a few years later it is too late.

All this makes sense only on the supposition that Freud was undoubtedly the equal of these great men, not a mere celebrity but one of those who are not born in every century. Otherwise such a book as this one would be ridiculous. Now there are many doubts in my mind which I shall try to unfold and to discuss, but I have none at all on this crucial point and will not give it another thought.

The first misgiving to be met is my thorough lack of objectivity, which I profess freely and cheerfully. In dealing with the best and most notable part of my life I can hardly be expected to be objective. I have never thought of Freud as an "object" and I am not going to start to do it now. Does this mean the condemnation in advance of what I am going to tell as unreliable stuff made up by an uncritical enthusiast? Holy Boswell, come to my assistance! You were not ashamed to tell your readers and everyone else who wanted to hear it (and a great many who did not) that you "idolized" Dr. Samuel Johnson. Has this destroyed or impaired the authenticity of your work? Quite to the contrary, your Johnson is more real, more alive, and therefore

more authentic than Johnson's own Johnson as found in his *Rasselas* or in his *Rambler*. On the whole idolizing, if it is perfectly genuine, will add to the truthfulness rather than stand in its way. The biographer's mind is so full of his subject that his words rush forth without restraint like a mountain stream. He is so sure of the greatness, the goodness, the excellence of his hero that he does not mind giving away his sins, or even his weaknesses. Anyone who feels compelled to defend, or worse still to beautify and whitewash, his ideal, is not a true worshipper at the shrine of his deity.

Subjectivity is not identical with falsification, nor with any of its helpmates, like the incomplete recording of events or the muddling of chronology. Moreover, I have an extra-special motive for not swerving from the path of truth. My subject, or "idol", would not let me. Some of his dry sarcastic words would resound in my ears and make me hastily drop any attempt at distortion or evasion.

Besides, the incongruity would be monstrous. Measure for measure! The demolisher of mankind's sweetest illusions, who drew the curtain from the holiest of self-deception, is no fit object for fine words and the services of a beautician.

In this spirit I almost regret that I have no revelations to make of secret misdeeds or hitherto unknown ugly attributes. Many people have never given up their fond hope that the man whose works created sensation after sensation, whose very name

had become a catchword of offence to their tender moralities, would someday be found living in the midst of stirring adventures—adventures, of course, in the erotic line. They have so far been cruelly disappointed, and neither this nor any other truthful book will begin to alleviate their feelings. All I have to offer are some character traits which are too human for the storybook pattern, just a few of those peculiarities by which a face is distinguished favourably from a plaster cast. After all, Boswell did not bring to light that Dr. Johnson had committed murder or even adultery.

I have already mentioned that I never “studied” Freud and never thought of making his mind the subject of a systematic investigation. That would have seemed an impertinence to me while he was alive and still seems so to this day. To the questions: “What do you know about him?” or: “What is the value of the insight that you have been able to acquire?” I may answer by showing my credentials: “I believe I made a good use of my opportunities and they were extraordinarily favourable. Our relations lasted more than thirty years and during this period I became first a member of his small audience, then his disciple, a part of the circle of his intimates, a regular guest in his house, and finally his collaborator and companion. All the time he was the foremost figure in my life. Is this sufficient?”

I think so—if one important factor is kept well in mind. All the opportunities in the world, even with

the will to utilize them to the hilt, yield no more than a heavy mass of raw materials. Nor are psychologists, armed with their science, less helpless than ordinary mortals when it comes to reading a creative mind where unusual forces are at work in producing surprising results. Something else is needed—a natural gift, a cryptic instinct. Freud possessed it in an eminent degree. He certainly was an intuitive psychologist long before he started on the road towards psycho-analysis. His case histories are not mere bundles of “drives” or “complexes” or “repressions”, resembling the anatomical illustrations with their show of muscles and bones. The subjects impress themselves on our minds as genuine personalities. We seem to make out their individual faces and expressions; they claim our interest by their manners and habits, by their joys and sorrows, by their ways of loving and hating, like figures created by a great artist. This close relation between artist and scientist is nothing surprising or singular. The original creation of characters by the author and their re-creation in the likeness of existing persons by the psychologist spring fundamentally from the same root. It follows that the perfect psychologist or biographer ought to be not only a scientist, but also an artist, and not a minor artist, which would be no better than an author dabbling with a book-knowledge of psychology.

To emulate Freud in drawing his own psychological portrait seems a big order for his disciple.

At any rate, I will collect and arrange to my best ability my memories of his essential personal traits; I can call up without difficulty memories of his characteristic behaviour, of what he said or did in all sort of situations, as a teacher and as a writer, as a discoverer and as a controversialist, as a husband and as a father, whether with his intimates or with strangers. In this way a mosaic portrait will be produced into which, if the gods be propitious, may enter a breath of life and make it find favour in the eyes of men; if not, it will become a dump-heap waiting for the excavation work of the historical scavengers of the future. At any rate I feel convinced that the material to which I hold the key is worth preserving and will be used in one way or another.

Am I more independent, less under his influence now, several years after his death, than I was in his lifetime? I do not think so nor do I wish it, even if it would help my purpose, which I doubt. Soon after I began to consider myself his disciple in a special and personal sense, I established some rules of thumb for my behaviour towards him. These give a sufficiently clear idea of the limits of my independence, which have not been extended in the course of years. I resolved that in scientific matters I would retain the scientific attitude and refuse to accept anything on authority, but that I would try to be open-minded and take a favourable view of his opinions, however startling and

astonishing they might seem at first sight. I do not think that it was due to the lack of free and unbiased judgment that in almost every case I became sooner or later fully convinced that he was right. In the matter of psychoanalytic theory only a few minor points exist where I remain doubtful and not one where I am in direct opposition. As to the more general topics, the matters of so called *Weltanschauung*, I did not follow him in every point because of a difference in our temperaments. He often teased me about my persistent optimism and once, during the First World War, when he, his son-in-law, and I had eaten together in a restaurant, he said: "I had my lunch to-day with the greatest pessimist and the greatest optimist in Vienna." But if he himself was a pessimist, he certainly was not a grumbling one.

When it came to practical matters my attitude was fundamentally different. Here I considered it more important to spare him frictions and a lot of superfluous arguing than to protect myself against a *sacrificium intellectus*. If my opinion was opposed to his, I said so frankly. He always gave me full scope to expound my views and listened willingly to my arguments, but was hardly ever moved by them. After that I acquiesced unreservedly with his decisions and acted in the way he wished, stopping all further remonstrances. Sometimes the standpoint that I had relinquished in compliance with his wishes turned out to be right, but the time saved by

unnecessary discussions seemed to me to be worth some mistakes. I knew that it was always extremely difficult for him to assimilate the opinions of others after he had evolved his own in a long and laborious process. I suppose that great discoverers are built that way.

I wish to be truthful without sounding either pretentious or humble, but since I intend to say everything, pleasant or otherwise, I cannot spare myself a confession. It costs my self-love a great deal more than if I had to own a serious misdemeanour, yet if it were not brought out in the open, all I am going to tell here would be pervaded by ambiguity and tainted by evasion. To do my work in the way I wish, I must have a perfectly clear conscience.

This is my confession: I have reason to think that Freud did not find in me some of those qualities which he valued most highly. In the bond between us something was missing—the something that leads to spontaneous intimacy between characters of similar type and tone. I am not speaking here of the difference in our intellectual level, nor of the gulf that separated the genius from ordinary minds. I was aware of that all the time, but I took it for granted, as a necessary part of the relation between the master and the eternal disciple. But these special qualifications, which I did not possess, he found in others who were cast like me in the role of disciples: in Ferenczi and Abraham and certainly in Rank (until the time when a total change in

Rank's character severed all former ties). He found it later on, perhaps to a higher degree than with anyone else, in his daughter Anna. He never spoke to me about these things, not even in slight hints; he never weighed any of those nearest to him against another, nor showed any favouritism, but I have little doubt of the place he assigned to me.

It will seem surprising that in spite of this I range myself confidently among his intimates. Yet this was undoubtedly the case. He called me his friend in print and in writing, publicly and privately, and showed his full confidence in many ways. I am hardly the right person to present his reasons for it, but some of them I can bring forth. Freud had a peculiar tenderness, "a soft spot", for those who had worked and fought for psychoanalysis when it was still in the stage of persecution and generally regarded as either a mental or sexual aberration or both. The followers who came later, when analysis was fashionable or profitable, had first to prove their value and their full sincerity—the "inner circle" consisted exclusively of old-timers. My loyalty had great weight with him at the time when "schisms" and backstair intrigues cropped up. He appreciated it that I preferred calling myself his disciple to the satisfaction of a petty ambition draped in great words like "freedom of science". I think he recognized my genuine striving after intellectual honesty, and that made him willing to overlook some foibles and infantilisms that were mixed up

with it. My range of reading, though not so wide as his own, was wider than the average in our circle, and our interests coincided to some extent. He could talk with me about some of the not-too-obvious chapters of art, literature, history, etc. If my knowledge was neither coherent nor systematic, a good memory and quick apperception compensated these defects to a great part, and then—speaking of these early times of isolation and neglect—in the land of the blind the one-eyed was king.

I hope I have made it clear that it was nothing that I did or had done that stood between us. I may have provoked him now and then by my acts, but he knew that it was done with no conscious intention to hurt him, and pardoned it without showing any trace of ill-will (at least, I did not sense it). Only once did I wilfully and persistently do something of which he disapproved. He spoke to me about it when it was almost over, only three or four words, in a low voice nearly as an "aside". These words, the only unfriendly ones I ever had from him, remain deeply graven in my memory. However, when this episode was over, it was forgiven if not forgotten and it had no lasting influence on his attitude toward me. If I cannot now think of it without feeling a bit ashamed, this feeling is tempered by the thought: Only once in a lifetime, once in thirty-five years! That is not such a bad record.

The drawback that I felt existed in spite of all encouragement, friendliness, and confidence was of

a purely negative nature, founded on the things I did not and still more on some I was not. It was Freud's reaction to the lack of certain qualities in my character by which I was stamped as widely different from him who possessed them himself and valued them in others in a high degree. I do not feel bound to explain these qualities. I have no wish to appear here as a shining example of self-humiliation and repentance. All I want is not to pose as "the disciple, who leaned on the Lord's breast", as Eusebius (quoting the letter of a certain Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus) characterized the apostle John.

CHAPTER II

Vienna

TIME and again the word went round that Freud's work was the typical product of Vienna and its peculiar moral atmosphere, just as the same thing is said, but with a friendlier intention, of Franz Schubert's music. Slogans get accepted in science as well as out of it, since every man's mental acquisitiveness needs a resting place here and there. This one is still quite popular although Freud exploded it long ago in the *History of the Psycho-analytical Movement* by pointing out the logical fault of the causal connection between his discovery and the asserted looseness of sexual morality in Vienna. The chances of finding the etiology of psycho-neurosis in the intensification of sexual repression would be slighter where repressions were more lenient than elsewhere. He added some hints to his argument by which he indicated that the real bias was not directed against Freud the Viennese but against Freud the Jew. Behind the palpably erroneous explanation of his theories as springing from the ardent sensuality, which in common imagination is inseparable from the "Blue Danube" and all that goes with it, lies the attempt at a "racial" stigmatization. In those days scientists who wanted to be considered as civilized men and therefore paid at least lip-service to decency

shrank from expressing openly and brutally what nowadays is shrieked over the housetops. There it was, however, the timeworn prejudice that the Jewish (or, in another variant, the "Oriental", or the "Mediterranean", or the "French") mind was abnormally preoccupied with matters of a sexual nature. Tacitus, who never missed an opportunity for displaying himself as the champion of antique Roman dignity and lofty virtue, formulated it with his inimitable gift for the epigram: *Projectissima ad libidinem gens* (The people with the strongest propensity for voluptuousness). This superstition is so old that, like the Wandering Jew himself, it cannot die. It appears wherever a group, by some external marks of strangeness, is set apart from the rest of the community. It was used against the early Christians and still helps to keep alive the lynching spirit in some parts of this country.

The allegation that Vienna has put her stamp of origin on Freud's work is a hollow pretence. It becomes absurd when one compares the special brand of Viennese sexuality, or rather what passes as this brand (since, in fact, sexuality has but little local colour)—namely the swaying, sweet and frothy frivolity—with Freud's tragic and bitter concept of the tyranny of libido.

However, the city to which he came as a four-year-old boy, where he lived for nearly eighty years, where he went to school and later found the teachers who opened to him the worlds of thought

and research, was not without influence on the formation of his personality. Not that he ever felt close to Vienna or Vienna close to him. The fundamental dissimilarity which remained to the end made itself felt from the beginning of his scientific career. For many years his fellow citizens took no notice of his existence. They did nothing unusual in acting this way but just followed the lead of those who were, or pretended to be, authorities in his special field—first and foremost the “demigods” of the University. Now and then there was an attempt at ridicule, but the general attitude was to ignore him and his work. At a time when patients came to Freud from all parts of the world, the Viennese among them formed a diminutive minority. Only when international fame had become an undeniable fact, Vienna—outside of the academic circles, of course—became impressed. But this change of attitude was quite one-sided; Freud remained aloof and did not respond to his late-won popularity. In the post-war period he reacted to a note from the office of internal revenue, expressing their doubt of the correctness of his declaration “since it is well known that your fame attracts patients who are able to pay high fees from foreign countries”, by answering: “I note with pleasure this first official recognition which my work has found in Austria.”

The influence of Vienna on Freud certainly existed, but to a great extent it was a negative one, more an opposition against her than a yielding to

her allurements. The fact that part of his family, his much older half-brother, had settled in England may have slightly influenced him. Perhaps it was this opposition that made him find and choose for his future wife a girl who was decidedly not Viennese. (Hamburg and Vienna are generally considered as antipodes in their "social climates".) Certainly neither she nor her sister, who was a member of the household, made the slightest concession to the spirit and style of life in Vienna; after fifty years in Vienna they both spoke the "purest" German, for which Hamburg is famous. Everyone in Vienna, however, puts more or less of the local dialect in his speech, and therefore they were always marked with a certain aloofness. To the less-educated people the pure German of the two ladies was unintelligible—nearly like a foreign language. The consequent misunderstandings caused a comic incident now and then, but never shook their attitude. The segregation from Vienna was not only accentuated by the language, but also, in an unobtrusive way, by many little mannerisms and habits, so that the household gave an impression of exterritoriality, like an island that is easily accessible from the mainland, but still an island.

Until Freud's isolation became an established fact, there must have been a period of "formative years" when early impressions were retained or rejected and reactions built up. I knew neither Freud nor Vienna during these years, being born in the

year when he received his M.D. But the Vienna of my childhood still resembled in many respects the surroundings of his youth and adolescence. The "liberal era" in Austria, which was in its heyday between 1866 and 1878, had not yet vanished entirely during my boyhood, though it was declining rapidly and disappeared forever with the beginning of the new century. Moreover, he and I came from nearly the same social stratum and this must have caused a certain similarity in our upbringing and in our first outlook on the world around us. We both belonged to Jewish middle-class families who, one or two generations back, had migrated from the provinces to Vienna. His and my parents or grandparents came from Bohemia and Moravia, an origin which at that time involved a strong contrast to the Jewish immigrants from the "East" who had lived a much more segregated life in the ghettos of Galicia and Poland. The "Westerners" among whom we both grew up were willing to surrender a good part of their religious traditions and orthodox beliefs in exchange for modern thoughts and the European way of life. Their ideal was full assimilation without apostasy.

I have to own that I want just the same to say a few things about pre-war Vienna, the old *Kaiserstadt*, availing myself of this opportunity or pretext. I have read and heard a good many ill-informed and shallow opinions, praise as well as abuse, and now, twenty-five years after I left Vienna for good, I

seem to have reached a safe distance where I can use my inside information without being biased by my personal experience. Since I never lived in post-war Vienna, but went there only for short visits, later impressions have not interfered with my memory, which keeps a clear and unblurred picture of the old time without sentimental or angry comparisons—least of all with the present. Besides, this old Vienna, in spite of all her faults and imperfections, was a centre from which radiated powerful cultural influences. Her Medical School, for instance, had a considerable influence on the development of medicine in the United States.

In looking back on the way of living in this Vienna of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, I find as the prevailing characteristic a general insincerity with comparatively little hypocrisy. This was partly a universal sign of the period and partly a result of circumstances of a specific Viennese-Austrian nature. The later Victorian age lacked the thoroughness and unflinching prejudice of the earlier period (the European continent imitating more or less the example set by England). It was no longer able to brush aside and dedicate to utter oblivion everything that contradicted its idealistically simplified concept of the world. The worst and most offensive obstacles against wholesale purification were what was called by one of the typical devious expressions of the period "the facts of life". Consequently, in this middle Victorian era any

open word about sexuality, however seriously it might be meant, was banned with the utmost strictness or imprisoned in scientific lingo. How efficient this ban was in the earlier stages of Victorianism is an open question, but there can be no doubt that a great part of it had broken down at the end of the period although it was still upheld officially on the social surface. The use of words like homosexuality or syphilis was still strictly prohibited in the daily papers and the strangest forms of circumlocution had to be employed, e.g. *Hand-arbeiterin*—"a woman who works with her hands"—for prostitute. "Where babies come from" belonged to the unmentionable subjects about which adolescents whispered shyly in dark corners. But books which defied prudery were already to be found everywhere; their names were so popular that they came to my attention before my childhood was over and made a deep impression on my mind. I began to read them sporadically whenever they fell into my hands. The central figure of the period was Emile Zola, whose influence the present generation, which judges him solely on his literary merits, can hardly imagine. In a "good house" *Nana* or *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret* could be neither displayed nor discussed openly. Such books were kept away like poison, especially from young ladies. It need not be said that this only added to their attraction and widespread popularity. Ibsen's plays were not surrounded with so much secrecy, some of them

could actually be seen on the stage. His attack against conventionalism and social hypocrisy was more theoretical, less crude and direct, but his keen dialectic, aided by a new dramatic technique, made him the leader of a revolution in ethics. The Viennese Professor Krafft-Ebing with his *Psychopathia Sexualis* broke the ban of silence laid on perversion and similar subjects and gave names to things that had been kept fictitiously out of existence by their anonymity.

From another side some catchwords of the radical, especially the socialist, movement and its literature made inroads even on the firmly embattled middle-class minds. A book by Bebel, the leader of the German social-democratic party, analysed the role assigned to woman in modern society; his discussion of prostitution, as a social problem of major importance that had to be dealt with and could no longer be hushed up, found many interested readers.

This playing of both ends against the middle and the dallying with ideas while disapproving of them were the general signs of an epoch of transition and fitted ideally with some permanent fixtures in the Viennese mind, which had never been conspicuous by a high standard of sincerity. The famous Viennese *Gemütlichkeit* was a form of self-indulgence which tried to avoid sharp conflicts and harsh convictions. The political and social background favoured the tendency to look the other way when uncomfortable facts had to be faced. Austria was

a constitutional monarchy with all the usual trappings: a charter of liberties, two houses of parliament, responsible ministers, independent law courts, the usual machinery of government. Yet, it was an open secret that none of all these institutions possessed a scrap of real power, not even the bureaucracy. This power was in the hand of the Austrian "eighty families;" these formed an absolutely stabilized upper crust which automatically excluded everyone from influence who tried to oppose them. By long intermarriage they had practically become one family and considered themselves as such. The Emperor, who represented the supreme authority, was old, stubborn, and separated from the life of the nation by the strict rules of court etiquette. The high court functionaries who surrounded him were without exception members of these selfsame eighty families. Their influence was so firmly established that it was beyond all questioning. The tradition and prestige of centuries gave a prescriptive right to which was added the weight of wealth, especially in the form of landed property. They owned the best parts of the fields and forests, of the pastures and the livestock of the country, and not so long ago they had owned the peasants too. They were so deeply imbued with their right to dominate and govern that they never thought about it as something for which they might have to fight and struggle. They conceived it quite honestly as a drab sort of duty imposed on them by their birth, rather than

as a privilege, and they discharged it in their characteristic cavalier style. As individuals—to judge from the few personal contacts I had with any of them—they were mellow and charming, valuing refined manners above everything else, as is usual with an aristocracy which has enjoyed without struggle for many generations all the good things of life. They had none of the brutality of a warrior caste, but a good deal of graceful and complacent callousness. Some of them were well-meaning and intelligent, but the influence of their whole clan throttled nearly all initiative in public life. It could not be otherwise. Closely knit together as they were, yet without any trace of organization or leadership, their amorphous, anonymous, irresponsible power could only work in one way: to inhibit any innovation, to exclude all new forces from co-operation. Desiring to be conservative, they became inevitably reactionary. An exceptionally outspoken professor at the law school of the University, after an examination in which a scion of the aristocracy had shown his ignorance, said to the candidate: "Count, it is not within my power to hinder you from becoming governor [*Statthalter*] of Lower Austria, but I can delay it for a year."

This ambiguity pervaded everything. Political parties and elections, heated parliamentary debates, the voting of laws and the creation of public offices to execute them, all this went on just as in a grade A democracy. But all this was a false front made for

outsiders and those afflicted with congenital blindness. To get anywhere it was necessary to have backing from "above" either directly or, if that was not possible, through one of the henchmen to whom the ruling class had delegated the execution of its power. Without that no move, however strictly within the bounds of the constitution, could prosper; with it any law could be infringed or somehow circumvented. Whatever was said either publicly in high-sounding phrases or privately in an intimate and friendly way had nothing to do with the real decision; words were used as a sort of counter which only a fool would accept in payment.

The style of life of the privileged class became, as a matter of course, the pattern after which the middle class tried to model its conduct, imitating it down to the slightest mannerisms. (The rich Jews, after they had surmounted the religious barrier, were easily in the forefront.) The result oscillated between simple and downright snobbism and high, exalted aestheticism; one variant of this attitude, called *fin de siècle*, boasted that it preferred "beauty"—but a beauty in inverted commas—to morals, and proudly called itself "decadent".

These trifles were but isolated symptoms; the general effect of the glittering example set by the ruling nobility went much deeper. "*Nobel*" was the word of high praise for everything that was stylish, elegant, attractive, desirable. The thing was to dress and act in such a way as to be taken for a

member of the aristocracy or at least to be able to believe in the possibility of being mistaken for one. The best way to procure this sweet illusion was to give big tips, spending one's money "like a cavalier", even when one's home life was more than modest. All Vienna was constantly giving and receiving tips (*Trinkgeld*). Every door which you had to pass was opened for you by someone who demanded a tip; you could not get into the house in which you lived after 10 p.m. nor seat yourself in the car (*Fiaker*) in which you wanted to ride without giving a tip. Karl Kraus, Vienna's witty satirist, said that the first thing a Viennese would see on the day of Resurrection would be the outstretched hand of the man who opened the door of his coffin (*Sargtür-Aufmacher*).

This passion for tipping is the genuine hallmark of feudal views. To let himself be bound by an obligation to an inferior was considered all right for a member of the *rotüre*, for a mechanic or a tradesman. To one who belonged to the nobility it would have been humiliating. He paid a debt as he bestowed a largesse, of his own free will, and acknowledged no claim but that of his own honour which commanded him to acquire by his liberality the reputation of a true seigneur. This anachronistic "cavalier" fiction permeated the life of Vienna and lent to simple business transactions a fantastic touch.

For instance, if you took a meal in a better class

restaurant you were expected to give four different tips. One for the head waiter (*Zahlkellner*) who took your order and did not reappear on the scene till you called for your check, but who was supposed to superintend the whole affair like a major domo. The second for the waiter who served your food (*Speisenträger*), the third for the waiter who brought your drink (*Getränke-Kellner*), and the fourth for the "Piccolo", the cub-waiter, whose job it was to help you into your coat or, if he was too small to reach so high, to express mimically his eagerness. They addressed you, according to the tip they expected or had got last time, either as "Herr Doctor" (the lowest degree) or as "Herr von" (corresponding to the French "Monsieur de . . .") or—highest honour: "Herr Baron."

The general rule—characteristic for this amiable insincerity—was to give everyone the title just above the one to which he had the right. In "my" coffee house I was addressed as "Herr Doctor" as long as I was a student, but on the day of my graduation I became "Herr von Sachs".

Another such survival was the protest against the method of modern mass production. The genuine Viennese was never content with anything that was not strictly personal, or at least gave the illusion of personal service. No department store did any business in pre-war Vienna. Everyone had "his" tailor and "his" grocer and as a matter of great importance "his" coffee house. One would not

think that such a simple article as a cup of coffee would lend itself to the expression of a personal note. In this country you are given coffee, cream, and sugar and that is all there is to it. In Vienna every *Stammgast* (steady customer) had his individual taste which the waiter was expected to know and to serve without an express order. There was the *melange* (milk-coffee in a glass) with or without *Schlagobers* or *Doppelschlag* (whipped cream, simple or double portion). There was the *Teeschale* (teacup, but with coffee in it) and the *Nuss* (nutshell, demitasse), the *Kapuziner* (capucin, dark brown coffee) and the *Schale Gold* (cup of gold, light brown coffee), and so on.

“Vienna, the Capua of the minds” (Capua, the town where Hannibal’s soldiers became intimately acquainted with the amenities of life and lost their fibre) “where life having itself become half poetry weakens the poet’s impulse to create”—these words of mixed admiration and accusation came from the lips of her greatest son and lover, Franz Grillparzer. The bland lassitude of Vienna which he felt and expressed are to be met in many other places, but the unique thing about this place was that disparities, blended in the most careless way, became a magically seductive melody. Many have found this fusion exasperating, but few have been able to resist its charm. The dreary streets, the dirty housefronts, the unwholesome rooms, the ugly humdrum suburbs harmonized miraculously with the splendour of

Gothic cathedrals and Baroque palaces; the enchanting curve of green hills surrounding the town sent forth the gleam of woods and meadows into every dark corner. And in the same mysterious way a sense of beauty was grafted to the petty prejudices and sordid cupidities in the minds of those who lived between all that squalor and splendour, so that it flowered in the most unexpected places.

Of the many forms of beauty created by man, the two dearest to the heart of Vienna were music and the drama. As for music I refuse to dwell on the platitudinous trinity: Vienna, waltz, Strauss. The glorious continuity from Haydn to Brahms of musicians who worked in and for Vienna is universally known. Freud, by the way, remained all his life out of touch with music; it was the only art to which he had no sort of personal relationship at all.

The part that the theatre played in the life of Vienna has not attracted the same attention. Vienna is the only place in Europe which had in modern times; i.e., after the middle of the seventeenth century, a theatre for the people and of the people—not for the court or the upper classes or the highbrows alone. This *Volkstheatre* in the full sense of the word, had no literary aspirations; its dramatised fairy tales and buffooneries did not grow anywhere near to the height of the Elizabethan drama, but it culminated in two impressive figures, Ferdinand and Raimund and Johann Nestroy (both actor-playwrights), the latter a real genius who—

preferring in the Viennese manner the easy way—scattered the brilliant gems of his wit with extravagant profusion, as if they were ordinary confetti, and hardly ever concentrated his powers in a masterpiece. All this had come to a full stop about the middle of the nineteenth century and what was left was not much different from the average in other European countries. But the passionate interest in the stage which had lasted through generations remained alive. All Vienna was stage-struck. The plays, the actors and their merits or shortcomings on the stage and off were the topics of general interest and an inexhaustible subject for passionate debates as much if not more so than the stars of the movies, the gridiron, and the diamond in this country. At parties the talk about the theatre and the performers took first place, with politics and social problems far in the rear.

The theatre craze went much farther than that. It did not stay in the playhouse, but overflowed richly into life. I could observe it best when I came to Vienna after a stay abroad, which made comparisons easy and opened my eyes to the peculiar ways of my home town. I saw that every incident was used as an opportunity for play-acting; its real content or purpose was hardly more than a pretence for a bit of comedy or tragedy—preferably the first. The policeman who warned a driver, the housewife who bargained for her cabbages, the tram-car conductor and the woman with a bundle,

the prosecutor and the defendant, all took up their part, as it came to them, with gusto and acted it more than they lived it, not with pathos and high-declamation, as you see it in Latin countries, but rather going in for character impersonation and witty repartee.

The famous Vienna politeness and amiability was a part of this game. It was not downright intentional lying, but to believe that any real result would come of a smoothly played scene would have been as naïve as to expect that an actor would continue in the character of his part after the fall of the curtain. Not only the shopkeeper in his store, but even the high dignitary in his office assured the visitor (the lower officials played their parts too, but in a quite different key) that he was quite overwhelmed by so much kindness and condescension; but when the scene had been acted it was all over and nothing came of it. On the other hand, two people who had quarrelled violently became friendly again like a pair of actors who had insulted each other in a dramatic scene.

All this was interesting, amusing, and exhilarating for tourists and other visitors who took their seats in front of the show and went home when the curtain fell. It was a different affair for those who had to stay on, especially for those who had set their mind on achievement and felt determined and sincere about it. Mozart was thrown into the tomb of the unidentifiable poor, Franz Schubert almost starved,

and Hugo Wolf more than almost. These were the men who gave to Vienna what she prized and appreciated more than anything else—music. The scholars, the scientists, and the thinkers could hope for nothing better than general apathy.

Freud's eyes were not long blinded by delusions of *Gemütlichkeit*. In the *History of the Psycho-analytic Movement* he says: "The city of Vienna has done everything in her power to deny her participation in the genesis of psychoanalysis. In no other place has the hostile indifference of scholarly and educated circles become so palpably evident to the analyst than just in Vienna.

"Maybe I am partly responsible for this indifference, as the result of my policy which avoided broad publicity. If I had originated or permitted discussions of psycho-analysis in noisy meetings of the medical societies in Vienna, if I had given occasion for clashes in which all affects could be discharged, all reproaches and invectives could be voiced which the contending parties had on their minds—maybe in this case the ban against psychoanalysis would have been lifted by now."

And he ends with a highly characteristic quotation from *Wallenstein* (Schiller had never been to Vienna, just as he had never seen Switzerland, but he knew both with the intuitive knowledge of a poet):

But this the Viennese will not forgive me
That I deprived them of a spectacle.

It is obvious that Freud's personality, his way of thinking as well as living, represents the diametrical opposite of everything that has been described here as typical of Vienna. In the place of insincerity, superficial amiability, and the wish to gloss over unpleasant facts, he put insistence on merciless truth, the severities of unrelenting inquiry, and the courage to "disturb the sleep of the World." As far as the surroundings influenced his character at all—which may well have been settled before the "formative years" began—they produced what in analytical lingo is called a "reaction formation", otherwise described as "leaning over backward".

Some people felt disappointed when they came into personal touch with Freud, because the man whose work they had found exciting and thrilling had led a life which was so quiet and—as it seemed to them—drab and monotonous. There was nothing colourful—no passionate incidents, no eccentricities. Nothing appealed less to him than ostentatiousness, and instead of adapting himself to the Viennese manner of dramatization he withdrew from it more and more till he became practically invisible.

It has ever been a tricky business to understand Vienna; she was neither *jeune cocotte* nor *vieille pieuse*, but young and old, lascivious and pious at the same time. And so, after having dwelt on her insincerity and superficiality, I am bound to add that she has given life, and with life vitality and creative power, to more than one great man. It is a peculiar fact

that in Vienna, where the middle class formed a large and firmly entrenched block economically, an intellectual middle class was almost non-existent. The majority of the people had few and narrow intellectual interests. In talking with the man in the street you could hear now and then something amusing or witty, but hardly ever a well-reasoned opinion or sound common sense. It was not much different in the circles of the well-to-do and the so-called well educated. The traditional pedantry of the schools and the dominating influence of the Catholic church had blunted for centuries the eagerness for research and the development of independent study. The joy of eating and drinking better and more often than the rest of the world, in which they took no little pride, was sufficiently absorbing for most Viennese; the better minds whose horizon was not filled with these and other even more popular physiological pleasures preferred artistic pursuits to the more austere joys of intellect.

Yet on this background of intellectual sluggishness—or perhaps as a consequence of it, since things tend often to produce their opposites—now and then, in small circles or in single individuals, the light of intellect and the love of knowledge shone forth with amazing splendour. This could happen in every social layer, among workmen or young students or in the upper brackets of society. Consciousness of being an exception gave these nonconformists extraordinary energy, and they

approached their problems with a personal fervour which towards the end of the century was often absent in the strictly organized science of Germany. I have known several of these lonely stars and luminous constellations before and after I met Freud. He was one of them, outshining all the others. But there was no doubt that he, too, had been aware of them and had felt that in spite of his isolation he was not lost in empty space. With some he has been in personal contact. To mention only a few, whose name and work are still alive after so many years, there were Freud's teacher Brücke, one of the founders of modern physiology; Meynert, the pioneer of brain-localization, first his friend and protector, later his enemy; Breuer, whose observations became the starting point for psychoanalysis; Koller, who discovered the use of cocaine for eye-surgery; Chrobak, the famous gynaecologist; Victor Adler, the organizer of Austrian social democracy; and Lynkeus-Popper, the author of *Phantasies of a Realist* (whose work Freud admired and quoted, but whom he never met in person).

The atmosphere which Vienna provided for the growing mind of a Jewish boy of rare intellectual powers was certainly stimulating one way or the other. The dead weight of finality, the imposition of ultimate, dogmatic truth was absent. Yet how much these factors contributed to Freud's development remains in doubt.

CHAPTER III

First Acquaintance

ON A DARK winter evening in 1904 I walked through the long courts and narrow doorways of the *Allgemeine Krankenhaus* (General Hospital) toward the Auditorium of the Psychiatric Clinic, which was situated at the farther end of the large cluster of buildings. It was near to the *Narrenturm* (Fools' tower), a circular building which still formed a part of the Psychiatric Clinic, and in which until the beginning of the nineteenth century the insane were kept chained to the wall.

This beginning is a bit like the trick by which a novelist tries to captivate the imagination of his readers and although this incident tells nothing but the plain truth, I have to pay the novelist's penalty and to mention a few things that preceded this evening.

By this time I had finished my studies at the law school and passed, by hook or by crook, the prescribed examinations. The law did not interest me and I did not feel especially attracted toward medicine. My interests were centred in literature, almost to the exclusion of everything else. It seems queer that my love for literature should land me at the Psychiatric Clinic, yet this was the perfectly logical, although indirect, outcome. The

connecting link was formed by my boundless admiration for Dostoevski. I wanted to find, led by the hand of science, the secrets of the soul which he had almost succeeded in revealing in their nakedness; I hoped to tread in broad daylight the obscure and labyrinthine paths of passion which he had traced. I turned first to psychology, at that time under the influence of Wundt, and found it disappointing. It seemed to consist mainly of a long winded terminology, which did not lead anywhere in particular, certainly not nearer to the mysterious springs of human emotions. I began to read about epilepsy which played so conspicuous a part in Dostoevski's life and work, and from there my interest glided over to the neighbouring fields of psychiatry and psychopathology. What I found looked promising and so I became extremely interested in them. Besides, these sciences held the sombre charm of gruesomeness, something like the "occult sciences", which satisfied my youthful longings for the sensational and exotic. All this appealed much more to me than the pedestrian textbooks of "Normal Psychology". At least the facts were stirring, even when the explanations seemed often not sufficiently illuminating and sometimes disappointingly shallow. In the course of these desultory studies a book fell into my hands with the fascinating, but bewildering title *Traumdeutung*. From the first I felt strongly aroused by its outstanding originality and I was excited by the entirely new angle under which many trivial,

long-known facts assumed a startling significance. No other scientific book had told me about problems that I, like everyone else, always had before my eyes and yet had never seen or tried to understand. No other book made life seem so strange and no other book had explained its riddles and self-contradictions so fully. I said to myself that these stupendous revelations needed and merited the most complete scrutiny; even if it should in the end turn out that every theory advanced in its pages were wrong, I would not regret the loss of time. I was resolved to spend months or even years if the task should require it.

I knew that the author of this electrifying book lived in the same city with me, not far from my home. I heard his name mentioned now and then by people who were acquainted with him and his family. I also knew that he and his science were rejected by the official academic circles but that he had been given the title of a professor extraordinary in recognition of his earlier work in neurology. I found in the catalogue of the University that Professor Freud lectured at the auditorium of the Psychiatric Clinic on Saturday evenings for two hours—an unusual time and not likely to attract a big audience. And now we are back at the starting point.

I knew the lecture hall well because I had been there to listen to the lectures on psychiatry given by the regular professor, Wagner von Jauregg. (He

later won the Nobel Prize for his work on the fever-therapy of general paresis; his mind was not open to psychologic subtleties, least of all to psychoanalysis. Freud and he had been medical students together and maintained a tenuous relation which was entirely lacking in warmth, but not in mutual respect.) When I had seen the hall before, it was in plain daylight and all the benches had been crowded with students. Now the windows were dark and the only light came from a few bulbs suspended above the table and chair of the lecturer; the ascending rows of empty benches in the dusk gave the room a somewhat sepulchral aspect. Being well aware of my shyness and timidity in the face of any new adventure, even such a modest one, I had persuaded a cousin of mine, who was a medical student, to come with me; I hoped that his presence would give me support. In these unusual and gloomy surroundings I felt more panicky every moment and as a middle-aged gentleman, evidently the professor, entered, I started toward the door, whispering to my cousin a hurried explanation that we were at the wrong place.

What would have happened if my attempt to escape had succeeded? Certainly, my initiation into analysis would have been delayed for a year or more, but it is not impossible that my whole life might have taken another course. Luckily, I did not succeed. The middle-aged gentleman, who wore a short dark-brown beard, was slender and of

medium size. He had deep-set and piercing eyes and a finely shaped forehead, remarkably high at the temples. Pointing to a row of eight or ten chairs which stood in a semicircle in front of the benches, close to the table of the lecturer, where a few people were already sitting, he said in the politest way: "Won't you come nearer and be seated, gentlemen?"

We followed his invitation and when he had started his lecture I lost soon every trace of shyness and inhibition. All of it was dissolved in my zealous interest aroused by what he had to say, and in my admiration of the way he said it. This effect widened and deepened the more I listened and learned. My shyness which he had waved aside at our first meeting disappeared and with it went bit by bit many other inhibitions and inner obstacles that had been standing in my way. Of course I attended faithfully every one of the successive lectures.

The chairs had been placed in front of the empty benches because Freud disliked to strain his voice, which was singularly lacking in what is called "metal". A dozen years later when his growing fame attracted big audiences he lectured in another larger, but not amphitheatrical, auditorium and was able to make himself distinctly heard in every part of it. But it meant a great exertion which he disliked, and since in these new audiences serious scientific interest was adulterated by large doses of snobbism and ordinary curiosity, he gave up soon

afterwards his academic lectures altogether. After the war he spoke with rare exceptions only at the meetings of the Psychoanalytic Society and at its conventions. His faultless elocution and careful accentuation made him always perfectly audible although his voice had none of the full, rich tones which roll forth and lend to the words a suggestive force. I never heard him raise his voice in anger or excitement.

On these Saturday evenings, which soon became the pivot around which my private universe revolved, the atmosphere was intimate and informal. The number of "afficionados" was six or seven at first and never amounted to more than fifteen. Nearly all of them belonged to the circle which had begun to form itself around Freud and became the nucleus of the first Psychoanalytic Society. All the topics and problems of psychoanalysis which existed then or were just in the process of development were discussed. Dream-interpretation, the unconscious and repression, the structure of neurosis were, of course, the favourite subjects. But the many new vistas opening before our eyes, the unexhausted possibilities for new fields, and new methods of exploration in almost every branch of science added a great deal to the absorbing interest of these hours. We learned something about the nature of transference and began to understand the unconscious as the presence of an inner destiny which decrees that the same pattern must be re-lived since the

wheel of life turns around a fixed centre, and that the oldest experiences repeat themselves over and over again under various disguises (repetition-compulsion). We got the first glimpse of "applied analysis"—of using the knowledge of the unconscious and of the analytic technique for interpreting works of art and literature, for the investigation of social problems as well as of those of neurosis and dreams. All this was not preached in a pretentious manner, no great words proclaimed the grandeur of the new discoveries. Freud did not assume the rôle of the prophet who tells of the mysteries that were revealed to him. The prevailing tone was a simple conversational one, often interspersed with witty or ironical remarks; his conviction of the far reaching consequences of the new truth was too deep to stand in need of emphatic asseveration.

Freud did not lecture on every one of these evenings. We had some periods of seminars when members of the audience were scheduled to give reviews and criticism of a book or an article, which were followed by a general discussion. One occasion I remember particularly well. A newcomer whom I did not know had to give a review on the Association Experiment. He started by explaining that the experimenter pronounces a series of words and expects the subject to utter after each of them the word that comes first to his mind. "For instance," he continued, "the experimenter says 'Horse' and

the subject reacts with 'Library' (Pferd—Bibliothek)" . . . here Freud interrupted him: "If I am not mistaken, you are a former cavalry-officer and have written a book on the psychology of the horse?" "Yes." "Then you have unintentionally given the best proof of the strict determination of associations. With the example which you chose at random you have presented yourself and your field of interest to the audience."

At another time we had a series of discussions on the right method for interpretation of literary art. Should and could the same technique be used as for the reconstruction of the unconscious content of a dream? The "radical wing", the supporters of the "mother-womb" phantasy, maintained this opinion and tried to exemplify it in *Hamlet*.

I remember one occasion when Freud illustrated a scientific principle by an anecdote from his personal experience which is too characteristic to be omitted. The problem which he treated was that of "over-determination", that is, of the multiple causality which exists everywhere but is especially important for the products of the unconscious. He warned us not to be easily satisfied even when the known causes seemed perfectly sufficient to produce the effect: "Many years ago," he told us, "an old professor of medicine died who had ordered in his will that his body should be dissected. The autopsy was performed by a renowned pathological anatomist and I functioned as his assistant. 'Look

here,' the anatomist said to me, 'these arteries! They are as hard and thick as ropes. Of course the man couldn't live with them.' I answered him: 'All right. But it is a fact that the man did live till yesterday with these blood vessels.' "

When he discussed with us the psychoanalytic therapy of neurosis he used a picture-postcard of the most ordinary kind for making his point. The picture showed a yokel—we would say a hill-billy—in a hotel bedroom trying to blow out the electric light like a candle. "If you attack the symptom directly, you act in the same way as this man. You must look for the switch."

Freud told us about the past as well as about the future of psychoanalysis and especially of the initial stages of his work, which had led him step by step towards psychoanalysis. He spoke with warmth and gratitude of Charcot as a truly great man and teacher who had encouraged the unknown stranger by admitting him to the circle of his intimate disciples. He loved to quote Charcot's answer when anyone tried to contradict an experience by an appeal to an authority "*Cela n'empêche pas d'exister*" (That does not keep it from existing). His favourite was evidently Liébault, the simple provincial doctor who without personal ambition and unaided by the trained staff of a Clinic had the courage to help his patients by hypnosis, a method that hitherto had been considered as highly unscientific and undignified. I remember now, not

without a note of sadness, that Freud, who had no trace of any "racial" predilection one way or the other, in showing us Liébault's photograph pointed out how un-Latin (to-day the word would be "Nordic") his face was and how well this was suited to his name which evidently was a variant of the Germanic *Luitpold*.

In later years Freud spoke to me more than once of his student-days in Paris of which he kept a tender reminiscence. Once he told me: "I remember how, on a spring-day on the Boulevard Michel, a group of young men and girls walked in front of me. Every now and then they stopped walking and fell spontaneously into a few dance-steps without any apparent cause or motive, just because they were young and in Paris and it was springtime."

While I was listening eagerly to Freud's lectures I studied assiduously his technique of exposition (with a view of modelling my own after him). I wondered how he succeeded in producing something unexpected and stupendous while his talk moved in simple terms, dispensing with the fireworks of baffling profundity or of glittering paradoxes. I found that he made use of Schopenhauer's recipe for a good style: "Say extraordinary things by using ordinary words." He followed this advice intuitively without being acquainted with it (I know positively that he read Schopenhauer for the first time many years later when he borrowed my handy pocket-edition for the summer) The

startling effect of his lectures was based on a peculiar contrast. He gave all the necessary facts, dissected all the basic principles, even those which one would have taken for granted, with the greatest accuracy. He then introduced his conclusions cautiously, on a firm foundation; before he undertook the next step forward he surveyed all possible objections, formulated these clearly and answered them fully, so that when he moved on in an unexpected direction it seemed the most natural thing to do. When he had to leave an argument unfinished or incomplete, he pointed it out and went back to it at the right moment. In this way he led his hearers insensibly on, never giving them the impression that they were participating in a difficult and quite original investigation. They were surprised when they arrived in the end, without mental gymnastics or contortions, at results that contrasted strangely with some of their previously most cherished opinions or prejudices.

During this time the first threads of our personal relations were fixed on more than one point. I became friendly with several of those who attended the lectures and who also participated in the informal meetings in Freud's house. A friendship started with Otto Rank who was then and who remained for a long time Freud's "right-hand man". A review which I had to give of Ferenczi's article on "Projection and Introjection" brought me in correspondence with the author. And then came

the day when I entered Freud's house and had for the first time a long and familiar conversation with him.

My translation of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* had been published (it was the farewell, or rather the tombstone, for my purely literary interests) and I went one afternoon, not without some heart-beating, to present a copy to Freud.

Freud had lived then for many years, and continued to live until he left Vienna, in the same house, Berggasse 19. The street deserved its name Hill-Street, since a part of it was, even for the uneven ground of Vienna, exceptionally steep. As often happens in old cities, the two ends of the street belonged to different worlds. It started at the *Tandelmarkt*, Vienna's historic junk-market, and ended at the *Votivkirche*, a modern Gothic cathedral which dominated one of the most notable ornamental squares of Vienna, flanked by the University and other public buildings. No. 19 was in the comparatively level part of the street, nearer to the *Tandelmarkt*, but in a quiet and respectable, if not exactly distinguished, neighbourhood. Originally Freud's office had been on the ground floor and his home on the second. At the time of my visit the office had been moved to the second floor of which he had become in this way the sole occupant. Home and office communicated internally, but each had a door on the opposite sides of the landing (and, of course, at whatever side one chose to ring the bell, the other door was opened). Freud told me

some years later that the apartment had been inhabited before him by his former fellow-student, Dr. Victor Adler, who was, as I have mentioned, the leader of the social-democratic party and who became after the war for a short time secretary of state. The room that was Freud's study had been the nursery of Adler's son who was a famous figure of the First World War. He killed the Prime Minister, Count Stürgkh, as a protest against his despotic rule. His death-sentence was commuted and after the Armistice he was set free.

The office consisted of a dark little anteroom and three chambers—waiting room, the room for seeing patients, and the study-library behind that. Each room had but one window opening onto a courtyard in the middle of which stood a tall and beautiful tree. None of the rooms got much light or sunshine; they were comfortably furnished in the taste and style of middle-class homes in the eighties, much the same as the one in which I had grown up. There was nothing modern or strikingly personal about them, nor about the living rooms which I saw later. Only the study had a strong individual note which was due not to the style of the furniture, but to the full bookshelves that covered the walls almost to the ceiling and to the glass cases which contained Freud's collection of antiques. Although the latter was then still in its initial stages, some of the objects at once attracted the visitor's eye. I shall say more about this later.

I have forgotten exactly what we talked about on this first visit. I only know that Freud received me with his characteristic urbanity. Literature was the general topic of the conversation, because of my book, and I have a vague memory that we joined in the praise of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, the great Swiss poet and novelist. I was at that time his enthusiastic admirer, being especially fond of his *Temptation of Pescara* (I am still, but not so ardently, enthusiastic), and out of quotations and other little hints in Freud's lectures I had concluded that he, too, knew and loved the same author.

This visit occurred in the spring of 1909. In the following winter I learned that the hitherto informal group had formed a Psychoanalytical Society. I asked for admission as a member in a letter to Dr. Alfred Adler, then president, giving Professor Freud as a reference. I was admitted and came to the next meeting with two or three other new members who all like myself had assiduously attended Freud's lectures. The meeting place was a big room belonging to the *Medizinische Doktoren-Kollegium* (College of Physicians) which the group had rented for one evening—Wednesday—each week. We new members were naturally somewhat diffident at the beginning and did not take part in the discussion until Freud said: "We won't be divided into an Upper House that does all the talking and a Lower House that plays the part of a passive listener." This broke the ice and loosened our tongues. The

subject, if I remember aright, was some instructive examples of dream-interpretation by Freud.

At this meeting and at some others Dr. Adler presided, but soon the conflict began which was the result of his new theories and divergent views. His opinions were fully explained and defended by one side and equally thoroughly discussed and criticized by the other. Freud took a prominent part in the discussion; he did not spare his opponent and was not afraid of using sharp words and cutting remarks, but never descended to personalities. Whoever has taken part in discussions of this type knows that they have the tendency to lose themselves in a tangle of minor details instead of clarifying the principles. Thanks to Freud's insistence, this did not happen. The net result was that Adler's theories, after he had eliminated the importance of infantile sexuality, of repression, and of the unconscious, had very little in common with psychoanalysis. The logical consequence was that he left the Psychoanalytic Society. Some of the other members went with him; among these were the new ones who had joined the group with me. Most of these men did not share Adler's views; their decision was influenced by their belief that the whole proceeding violated the "freedom of science". It may well be that Freud's incisive and harsh criticism had hurt soft feelings and made them willing to think that Adler's complaint of intolerance was justified. Adler's new group therefore at first called itself the "Society for Free Psycho-

analysis". This name was abandoned when Adler, in the further development of his new attitude, dropped the term "Psychoanalysis" altogether and substituted for it "Individual-Psychology".

A word about "freedom of science" will be in place here since this slogan has been widely used from this first occasion on to the present day, and in some extreme cases even with the pretension of defending the "democratic principle". It will probably be used not less in the future whenever a psychoanalytic housecleaning is taking place. What I have to say about it is Freud's view—and incidentally my own too—which I have heard him express variously on so many different occasions that I cannot give his words, but can warrant the sense.

Freedom of science means that anyone who wishes it may arrive at his own opinion on every question imaginable without being restricted in his choice of sources of information or forms of research; it also means that anyone may formulate and publish these opinions and try to convince others who are willing to listen to him, by communicating to them his data and his arguments. The danger against which this freedom must be protected comes from those who have the power to interfere with it by force and suppression, whether it is the government, a political party, a church or any pressure-group which succeeds in influencing public opinion. Scientific bodies, if they do not use the name of science as a cover for political or religious propa-

ganda, are not interested in power-politics. Psychoanalysis is in this respect quite safe, since it has been mistrusted and still is suspect to the compact majority.

The question of who shall belong or not belong to a certain scientific group has nothing to do with the freedom of science, it is a question of expediency in the highest sense of this word. Co-operation among scientists in the form of research or discussion can only be fruitful if all participants agree about fundamental principles. The more specialized the problems under investigation are, the wider becomes the range of concepts for which a complete accord is necessary. If a group of economists organizes to study some intricacies of the theory of marginal value, the organization cannot be blamed if it does not want to be joined by orthodox Marxists who maintain that economic value is not subjective at all, but depends on the amount of expended labour. The foundation of scientific convictions is not exempt from further scrutiny and investigation, but this reinvestigation cannot be carried on by the same group while it is busy constructing the fifth and sixth stories of the edifice. Consequently, when one or several of such a scientific group give up part of the common basis which was the reason of their coming together, the only reasonable thing left for them to do is to break away. If they hesitate too long, the others, whose work is constantly hampered by useless discussions, may justifiably point to the

door. This action is neither an infringement of freedom of thought and conscience nor an obstacle put in the way of the search for truth, least of all a ban pronounced against schismatics. A discussion on the broad basis of general principles, conducted indiscriminately with everyone who is interested in the argument, may now and then be useful. It is hardly an advantage for those who are brought together by their endeavour to reap new fruits from the tree of knowledge if they have not agreed beforehand about the place where the tree stands. Consequently, when the defenders of liberty have founded a school of their own, they regularly will see to it that their group consists of homogeneous elements; there is simply nothing else left that they could do. No "orthodox" psychoanalyst has ever complained about not being admitted to Adler's or Jung's organizations. Why should he want to?

Once when we spoke about a German professor who pleaded in an obstreperous and excessive manner for the suppression of unnecessary noises, advocating rigorous police enforcement, the forming of an anti-noise league, etc., Freud said with a smile: "He wants to make all the noise himself."

There is, of course, the risk of narrowmindedness. Disagreement on minor points may become a dangerous instrument in the hand of a personal antagonist, of fanatics, or of shortsighted individuals who are fixing their attention on a detail. Such things may happen among scientists as well as else-

where, but an open break is always better than growing sterility. These conflicts are now so far removed that they can be viewed dispassionately. Personally—although it befits me as well as Master Silence in *Henry IV* that I should “be of the peace”—I am convinced that as soon as discussion and arguments show a tendency to move constantly in a circle and to come back to the same point, a break-up is decidedly indicated.

After Adler and those who followed him had left, Freud had no choice but to resume the official leadership of the Viennese group. Although he would have greatly preferred to leave all formal functions to others, he kept this leadership from then until his advanced age when his illness necessitated his retirement. Filling an official post, being the figurehead, standing personally in a prominent position were things that went strongly against his grain. He wanted to surround himself with people who, sharing his ideas, devoted themselves to psychoanalysis for its own sake, and to keep those at a distance who followed him blindly, “hypnotized” by his personality or rather “led on by their positive transference” as we analysts would say. For this reason he had Adler made his successor in the presidential chair, a mistake which he repeated very soon afterwards on a larger scale by insisting on the installation of Jung as president of the newly founded International Association.

This continuous series of errors in judging those

around him seems out of keeping with Freud's reputation as one of the great psychologists for whom the mind should hold no secrets. He himself always insisted that he was not a *Menschenkenner* (mind-reader). I was first surprised, even shocked, when I heard him say that. It contradicted not only my own notion of the sweet uses of psychology, but also my actual experiences with him. Once or twice the force of circumstances had compelled me to disclose to him a part of my life which hitherto I had strictly kept secret. I found regularly to my surprise, and sometimes to my consternation, that he had known my secret all the time. He had drawn his conclusions from the observation of smallest signs, in the spirit of his *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. In spite of all that he was not quite wrong in accusing himself of lacking the ability of mind-reading. He saw every single trait and hidden factor correctly, but elevated the whole personality to a higher plane than that on which ordinary minds usually move. He saw passionate zeal, strength, endurance, and highminded motives where only a trace of these fine things existed. It was a "nigger in the woodpile" business all right—but in the opposite sense.

Besides his dislike of being in the limelight there was another reason why he would have preferred to have nothing to do with the direction and management of the group. This was the tension, sometimes breaking out in open hostility, between the individual members of the society or between small

groups. The reason it never came to the formation of two opposing camps was solely due to the criss-crossing of the various personal antipathies which were so complicated and variable that they never solidified. Two men, having their hate of a third in common, may dislike each other at times so much that even their joint aversion is not strong enough to form a bond between them. It would have been reasonable to expect that a small group, all of them sincerely and deeply interested in the same thing—which they really were—and kept under constant pressure by the enmity from the outside world, would be knit closely together by a feeling of comradeship. But it was not so. Jealousies, contending claims for priority, offensive criticism, wounded sensibilities, leaped up again and again like a smouldering fire. To meddle with these petty disputes and petulant remonstrances would have been an endless and unprofitable task and an especially hard one for Freud who, much against his will, had become the cause of all this enmity. The rivalry for his acclaim and approbation was the mainspring of these wranglings.

This situation may have contributed to his proposing me as a member of the *Vorstand* (Executive, Steering Committee) when, after Adler's and his friends' secession, a reconstruction had become necessary. In the meantime my friendship with Otto Rank had come as near to mutual intimacy as it is possible with a person of such extreme reticence

in all personal matters as he was. Freud probably thought that it would be a good thing to have at least two men near him who were willing to team together without jealousies and animosities. Our friendship lasted until Rank turned his back on Freud and psychoanalysis, and during all those years our good relations were of great help to Freud in his task of building up the Psychoanalytic Association and in the editing of the *Zeitschrift* and *Imago*. Rank and I became joint authors of a book on applied psychoanalysis which was a serviceable compendium of the first efforts to use psychoanalysis on many new fields; we were after that repeatedly partners in writing and what was still more fertile, we exchanged all our plans and ideas, so that every product of this period bears some marks of our discussions. All this came to a full stop with Rank's book on the birth-trauma. He did not say a word about his new ideas to me until he presented me with a printed copy, although we had stayed at the same summer-resort and had seen each other daily while he was writing the book.

During our friendship we not only worked well and smoothly together, but had also a great deal of fun; we were eager to help one another whenever the opportunity offered itself. It seemed perfectly mutual, except to such a keen observer as Freud, who possessed what Socrates has called his "gift from the gods" (in Plato's Dialogue *Lysis*): "The faculty to distinguish in each pair the lover and the

loved one." He never gave the slightest hint of his insight into the real state of our relations, till the time of the rupture. When he heard me deplore the loss of my best friend and noticed how strongly I felt about it, he said musingly: "Yes, I knew that your friendship has always been somewhat one-sided."

The end of our friendship was, at the time of which I am speaking, still a part of the invisible and unimaginable future. Whatever was his reason, Freud proposed me for election to a seat in the *Vorstand*, which, after less than a year of membership, was a definite mark of confidence. Not that I had any important function whatever. Freud recognized the value of organization, but he disliked here as everywhere the "pomp and circumstance", the empty formalities—here perhaps more than anywhere else, because he probably foresaw that the superficial distinction by title, office, and social position would influence many weaker minds to the prejudice of scientific progress. Once a year we had a business meeting which Freud opened by saying: "To-day we must play highschool fraternity" (*Heute müssen wir Verein spielen*), or words to that effect. Then the treasurer would read some figures and would state that the Society was not in debt. After that someone would move a vote of approbation and propose the re-election of the *Vorstand* which was duly voted, whereupon the scientific work was resumed. I think I was first appointed Librarian. The library consisted then of two or three shelves of

books and the little work which was connected with it was performed by Rank, the secretary, who was "Lord Everything Else" with the exception of presiding at the meetings and keeping the accounts.

The actual change in my position was marked by my sitting from then on at the upper end of the table ("above the salt" so to speak) at Rank's side who, as secretary, had his place at Freud's left, and—this was of real importance—by the fact that Rank and I habitually accompanied Freud on his way home. In spite of his sedentary life Freud was an indefatigable walker and the way home was extended to long promenades through the silent streets. (Vienna, except for a few night-spots, went to sleep before eleven.) On these promenades the subjects that had been debated at the meetings, and many others, were discussed and re-examined. Freud communicated to us his new ideas and theories; of these, some have been incorporated in his books, many others were abandoned when they did not stand up well enough under further scrutiny. Behind every discovery he showed us a long row of new question marks. We learned how it happened that he was progressing restlessly, never coming to a standstill. The element of self-satisfaction was not present in his nature.

In these discussions Freud often regretted that the interest in the technique and theory of dream-interpretation, instead of being kept in the fore of research where it belonged, was often bypassed by

those who preferred their psychoanalysis easy and shallow. He used to say that he could judge the ability and psychological insight of an analyst best by seeing how he handled the interpretation of a dream. He resented the efforts to simplify the structure of dreams by stressing the importance of the *anagogic* function, of the manifest dream-content or of the dream-material. I learned in these nightly hours many things about the "via regia to the understanding of the Unconscious", as Freud called it, which I had not been able to get out of his book.

In the relaxed mood of these nightly promenades Freud indulged more freely than at other times in his habit of illustrating a difficult point with a story. When he found in his rich treasure of anecdotes one that answered exactly his purpose, he did not care if it was not "quite nice". Once he discussed with us the curious phenomenon that some people can contemplate a great amount of their moral deficiencies and misdeeds with an unruffled conscience whereas something comparatively little that "hits the spot" may upset them entirely. He quoted Anatole France's *Histoire Comique* (later he discussed and explained the same point in his article on "Character-types" by the analysis of Rebecca West in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*). He wound up his exposition with this story: In the Magnaten-Club in Budapest (at that time the most exclusive club, open only to the high aristocracy) one member made a bet with

another that he would eat a goodly portion of fecal matter (monosyllabic among friends). It was served, of course, on a golden platter, and he fell to with a will. Suddenly he paused, spluttered, and could not go on eating. He had found a hair in it.

During the first winter of these ambulating colloquies I made a further step toward closer contact with Freud by my proposal to found a periodical for applied psychoanalysis (*Anwendung der Psychoanalyse auf die Geisteswissenschaften*). I explained the use and value of such a periodical in a paper to which I gave the superscription *Treuehorsaamstes Promemoria* (Faithfully most obedient Promemoria), using by way of a joke the title of the document in which Goethe—who seems to have been fond of these baroque forms of eighteenth-century court-formalities—recommended to the Grand Duke Karl August the appointment of Schiller as a professor of history at the University of Jena (of course, without a salary). Freud acknowledged the favourable reception which my proposal had found with him in a characteristic manner. At the next meeting he used a passage from it in his remarks about the subject under discussion. He took my project up and pursued it with his usual energy. His first move was an attempt to secure the collaboration of the publisher of his books. We—that is Rank and myself—met the publisher and his manager in Freud's study and discussed our plans; he seemed at first

favourably inclined, but later decided that our project was too much of a financial risk for him. This cautious old German businessman learnt some years later that his timidity had made him turn down one of the best business propositions he ever came across, since as the publisher of the periodical, he would have acquired naturally the rights for *Totem and Tabu* and a number of other articles which had appeared here first. Freud found a younger and more enterprising man who was willing to start our journal. The title of the new publication gave us some headaches. Freud used to say that a title ought not to be a condensed summary of the contents, but a designation by way of easy association of ideas. Nor was he in favour of high-sounding pseudo-poetic names. Finally my suggestion prevailed and it was called *Imago* after Carl Spitteler's novel in which the tricks and masks of the unconscious, its inroads into consciousness, and its stimulation of the creative powers are presented with consummate mastership. Carl Spitteler whom I visited several times when I came to Lucerne was duly flattered by becoming godfather of a scientific journal, but not at all interested in a systematic disquisition about the nature of the unconscious. He shrank instinctively from anything that could disrupt his artistic intuition.

I had been already introduced to Freud's family and invited several times to his house, but after the founding of the *Imago* and the beginning of my

constant collaboration I became a regular guest on certain evenings—nearly always together with Otto Rank—and a permanent fixture of the “inner circle”. It was then that I had the best opportunity to observe Freud, to see how he did his work and what was his way of living.

CHAPTER IV

"That Due of Many Now Is Thine Alone"

THE THIRTY-FIRST of Shakespeare's sonnets gave me a thrill when I first read it which has reverberated in my mind ever since. The poem revealed, as no psychological analysis could do, that to a great lover love does not mean an isolated event; it includes the revival of all his life's passions (or "fixations" as the psychoanalytic lingo will have it) and their convergence on the one unique and exclusive object which becomes endowed with all the treasures of the past, "things removed that hidden in thee lie".

The beloved one of the sonnets was a human being, a real person of flesh and blood, but the nature of the love which Shakespeare disclosed is the same when it clings to any other object, no matter how rigid, cold, and abstract the image at whose shrine the worshipper kneels may seem to the rest of the world. Those who consecrate their lives to such devotions make their sacrifice unfaltering and uncomplaining. No other choice is left open to their will. "And thou—all they—hast all the all of me."

Herein lies the explanation of Freud's peculiar way of living (which was not more peculiar than that of many great scientists and scholars before him) and of his attitude toward those who helped his work and those who tried to hinder it.

It accounts also for the development by which his own science, psychoanalysis, absorbed completely all of his earlier studies as well as the promising lines of research which he had started previously in physiology, neuropathology, and pharmacology. (His monograph on the Coca-plant gave the first indication of its wide possibilities as an anaesthetic.) This surrender of his former aspirations was but the prelude to a constant process of integration whereby the diversity of all his previous interests was supplanted by a new unity. The throng of ideas which, with their curious and sometimes bizarre shapes, filled the wide horizon of his mind underwent the same change. They grew and multiplied year after year, even in his extreme old age, but they all were derived from the same source and drew their substance from the same soil.

Psychoanalysis was the famous "red thread" marking every bit as belonging to the same whole. ("We hear about a special arrangement of the English navy. All ropes of the Royal fleet, from the strongest hawser down to the thinnest cord, have a red thread spun into them in such a way that it cannot be taken out without unravelling them altogether, so that even the smallest particle is indelibly stamped as the property of the crown. Thus Ottilia's diary is pervaded by a thread of affection and attachment which connects every part of it and characterizes them all."—Goethe, *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, Part II, Chapter II.)

Psychoanalysis was the main interest in Freud's life. The magnetic needle of his nature pointed toward this pole and never wavered from it. No formulated resolution was needed. Freud admired and often quoted Cromwell's words: "A man never mounts so high, as when he does not know where he is going."

He was ready to expand his studies and to enter various and widely different fields of knowledge whenever he found it of use for his research. For instance, he read a vast number of psychological and philosophical authors, old and new, when he finally prepared his *Interpretation of Dreams*. For the *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious* he worked his way through a big mound of aesthetic and philosophical treatises, besides reading all authors famous for their wit or humour, such as Rabelais, Cervantes, Molière, Lichtenberg, Heine, Nestroy, Mark Twain, and Spitzer, not to speak of the numerous collections of jokes, compilations of folklore-stories and the like. In order to write *Totem and Tabu* he made himself acquainted with the main facts and theories—there is no end of both—which were collected or constructed by leading anthropologists and ethnologists. For *Beyond the Pleasure-Principle* he had to examine some of the new research work in biology, for the *Group-Psychology* he familiarized himself with sociology.

Other interests, which he took up as mere hobbies without ulterior motive or special purpose, always

ended up deeply imbued with the all pervading psychoanalytic thought. One episode out of many will illustrate this. Freud hardly ever spent an evening at the theatre, but he made an exception for *King Oedipus* when Sophocles' tragedy was presented in Vienna by Max Reinhardt, the celebrated stage director. I saw him the next day and he was full of enthusiasm, but it was neither the acting nor the directing which had impressed him, but an episode of the play the full importance of which had escaped him hitherto in reading the drama but had now been revealed to him by the stage. "You know that the repressed content always comes back to the surface, almost undisguised, but so placed and motivated that it remains unrecognizable. (We call this 'the return of the repressed.') Now, in the course of the play Oedipus, who is deeply disturbed by the oracle which told him that he would kill his father, learns that his father has died. It is, in fact, not his real father, but the king who adopted him and whom he believes to be his father. In hearing the news of the natural death of his reputed father, the dreadful weight of the Delphian prophecy is lifted from his mind. He reacts with triumph and jubilation. You see that the rejoicing over the father's death is as clearly present as the murder itself which Oedipus commits unintentionally, in obedience to his destiny."

Freud knew what it meant to be dominated by

one despotic idea, but he considered it a necessary condition for every great exploit. In one of the earlier lectures he spoke about it: "Among my friends, when I was a young interneer at the General Hospital, was one who seemed obsessed with the idea of finding a new ophthalmological therapy. Whatever medical problem was discussed, his thoughts and questions went in the same direction: Could this be used for the eye?—so that he became occasionally a bit tiresome by his monomania. Well, one day I was standing in the courtyard with a group of colleagues of whom this man was one, when another interneer passed us showing the signs of intense pain. [Here Freud told what the localization of the pain was, but I have forgotten this detail.] I said to him: 'I think I can help you,' and we all went to my room where I applied a few drops of a medicine which made the pain disappear instantly. I explained to my friends that this drug was the extract of a South American plant, the coca, which seemed to have powerful qualities for relieving pain and about which I was preparing a publication. The man with the permanent interest in the eye, whose name was Koller, did not say anything, but a few months later I learned that he had begun to revolutionize eye-surgery by the use of cocaine, making operations easy which till then had been impossible. This is the only way to make important discoveries: have one's ideas exclusively focused on one central interest."

Such utter devotion to one single aim in life is neither rare nor in itself precious. It may vary from collector's mania to the highest aims; it may make a person hidebound and sterile or it may become the source of a permanent flow of inspiration. It all depends on whether it is used as a means of self-liberation or as an instrument for self-stupefaction. Many minds have been narrowed down to a pin-point by an exclusive interest, but to the chosen few it has served as a means to expand over earth and heaven. To Freud it offered a new universe and he gave his all in return.

Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone.

That is what he could have said. He did not say it, but he lived it.

To the unobservant it may have seemed a cold sort of passion, since it never was embodied in big words, in emphatic professions or in emotional outbursts, yet it burned with a steady and all-consuming flame. Like every other faith, it imposed on the life of the believer severe restrictions and regulations. Everything from the small details of everyday routine to the most momentous decisions was shaped by its dictation.

The strict observance of these rules was willingly accepted not only by Freud himself, but also by

those around him. His friends' fitting themselves into his ways was the consequence of a natural selection. The old friends of pre-analytic times dropped off; they did not disappear altogether, but the occasions for meeting them became rare and exceptional. Their place was taken by those who participated in his work, that is, by the circle of the nearest disciples.

It is remarkable that his family—his wife, sister-in-law, and children—fell into line with the greatest eagerness, without a grumble. There was a time—it was already over when I came into closer contact with the family—when Freud sacrificed his flourishing practice to devote himself entirely to his new science. His professional income, the only means of making a living, dwindled rapidly just at the time when his family increased (six children, three boys and three girls, were born within less than ten years). The present was dismal and the outlook for the future far from encouraging. The attitude of friends and acquaintances in general was that of pity for the poor woman whose husband, formerly a clever scientist, had turned out to be a rather disgusting freak. But she never wavered in her admiration—I could almost say adoration—of her husband. I do not know how much she understood of the importance of his work (her intelligence and education were certainly sufficient for it); but I am sure that he was a great man to her before a word of his books was written as well as afterwards, and that

he will remain so for her till the end. (At the time of this writing, 1944, Frau Professor is living at an advanced age in London and is there as much an object of respect and reverence to all who know her as she was in Vienna.) Her devotion was fully shared by the children. Friends of the family frequently made fun of the solemn way they spoke of everything concerning their father. For instance it was said that when one of the children had been absent for some time and was met by another, the first word from the newcomer was "Father now drinks his tea from the green cup instead of from the blue one." Such jokes and gibes always contain a grain, often more than one grain, of truth. The life of the family revolved around the father as his life revolved around his work. These things were never talked about; there was no need for words since the facts were taken for granted.

The two sisters, Martha and Minna, "Frau Professor" and "Tante Minna", were marked contrasts. In exterior Frau Professor was small and lithe, very mobile, the typical *Hausfrau* who is always busy putting something in order or cleaning and brushing. Tante Minna was tall and not slender, rather statuesque and self-reliant, of few but not uncertain words to which she liked to give an epigrammatical turn. Both ladies had an undefinable touch of the governess about them—perhaps it was their Hamburg speech and manner, since all the best governesses in Vienna used to come from Hamburg. (I

believe that both had actually been governesses, but I am sure of that only about Tante Minna.) A tradition of intellectual pursuits and scholarship had been built up in their family for several generations. One of their ancestors—I think it was the grandfather—was the Rabbi Bernays in Hamburg who is mentioned repeatedly in Heinrich Heine's letters as a man of high intelligence (*Geistreicher Mann*). Another Bernays, presumably a great-uncle, was in still closer contact with the great poet. He was editor of a radical German language newspaper in Paris in the early forties, called the *Vorwärts*, in which Heine published some of his poems. The poet sent "greetings to Bernays" in a letter to no less a person than Karl Marx who was also a contributor to the *Vorwärts*. Professor Jacob Bernays, of the University of Heidelberg, a famous scholar whose works are still highly esteemed and used by classical philologists, was their uncle. This tradition was kept alive by Tante Minna who was an extraordinarily well-read person with a great gift for discriminating, and sometimes sharp, criticism. She and I soon found out that we were both great admirers of the same author, Theodor Fontane, and became friendly, exchanging books—especially the collections of his letters—and quotations.

Frau Professor, as I have mentioned, was the so-called model housewife, accurate to the last detail of neatness and order, yet in one respect she did not

conform to the type. Instead of being regarded by her servants as a curse, as these model housewives usually are, she was extremely popular with them. Nearly all of them stayed upwards of ten years in the house and came back—one even from America—at solemn occasions, such as the wedding of the eldest daughter. The answer to this paradox was her great kindness and deep humanity, which never tolerated the idea that the life of a human being shall be subordinated to the welfare of the furniture. She showed great solicitude in finding the most suitable Christmas presents for all the retainers of the family; not only for everyone who was connected with the household, but also for his relatives. "We draw a line at the niece of our milkman." This formulation came, of course, from Tante Minna.

Both ladies had a high reputation for the beauty and precision of their needlework. During the war (the First World War) some of their wonderful creations were given to the lady who kept the tobacco shop where Freud used to buy his cigars (*Tabak-Trafik*) in order to mollify her so that she would let him have an extra ration.

This is one of the innumerable traits illustrating how much everything that was thought and done was in some way or other related to the common centre. It would be quite wrong, however, to visualize him as a sort of Moloch to whom a burnt offering of happiness and ease had to be made

daily. Freud was undoubtedly the head of his family, but also a part of it and not aloof—even though his work took first place—from its life and its incidents, pleasant and unpleasant. The atmosphere of the house was that of peaceful and temperate friendliness. The innermost and strictly intimate relations between those who lived in it were never revealed to me. They were not that sort of family and I had no wish to pry into their secrets.

Freud was "der Papa" to the children and "Sigi" (short for Sigmund) to the ladies. In our circle of friends and disciples, he was "the Professor" without need of being more explicit. This custom seems to have spread far and wide and I have found, in Europe as well as in this country, that Freud is much more often designated as "professor" than many other famous scientists who have the right to the same title, for instance, Professor Einstein. This has faintly amused me, because Professor is just what Freud never was and never could become. To understand this fact requires a short excursion into the complexities of academic titles in Vienna and the German universities in general.

In recognition of his neurological researches published under the title *Die cerebralen Hemiplegien des Kindesalters* Freud became a *Privat-dozent* in the usual way: proposal by the Faculty and nomination by the Minister for Public Education. It meant that he had the right to lecture at the University, but not the obligation to do it. The latter (*Lehr-Auftrag*)

was the privilege of the members of the Faculty, the professors extraordinary and ordinary. (About the same as our "associate professor" and "full professor".) The expectation of being promoted into this sacred circle would have been very small anyhow for him—an outsider without "connections", and a Jew—but his strange and undignified science ruled it out altogether.

The following episode has been told to me by Freud himself: The Minister of Education (I think his name was Hartel) paid a visit to the house of a wealthy Viennese family and was conducted through their picture gallery by the lady of the house who happened to be—or to have been—a patient of Freud's. His Excellency admired a picture by the Swiss painter, Arnold Boecklin, who was then at the peak of his fame, from which he has since declined considerably. The minister wanted a picture, *Burgruine* (Ruin of a Castle) by name, for one of the public galleries under his care (I think it was the *Moderne Galerie* which was then in the making, and at that time a modern gallery without a Boecklin would have been unthinkable) and urged its donation. The lady said, half in joke, that he could have it if he conferred on the *Privat-dozent* Freud the title of Professor Extraordinarius. The bargain was kept on both sides.

However, the new title made no change in Freud's academic status. He had neither the rights nor the duties of a member of the Faculty. Much

later, after the war, when Freud was a world-celebrity, the title of "Professor ordinarius" was shamefacedly conferred on him, but without giving him a seat on the Faculty which he would not have accepted at that time, being nearly seventy and fully occupied with things that were more important to him. So "the Professor", the teacher of a new science to all the world, was never really made a professor, a regular academic teacher.

Not that Freud himself cared. He had no illusions about the fairness and good sense of mediocrities when they are put in the seats of power. I got a sidelight on that in one of our nightly walks and talks. The two of us were alone, Rank being not present this time for some reason which I do not remember. I complained about one of our members who was not an analyst, but a folklorist. His link to analysis was his overwhelming interest in sexual and scatological matters; he collected and published them in their crudest form without making much further scientific use of them (at least, so it seemed to me then though I must admit that he has all the same done some very valuable spadework about the popular attitude toward sex and related matters as expressed in superstition, jokes, scribbling on the walls, etc.). On this evening he had made some particularly juicy, but not very pertinent, contributions to our discussion and I said, with some acerbity, that it was not the same thing to investigate problems of sexuality and to be

in love with obscenities. I hinted that a person who compromised our work should be kept out and felt quite grand and self-righteous as a knight of purity. Freud answered with an unusual softness in his voice: "You are quite right in what you say about N. N. There is a good deal of sexual monomania in what he does. But you see, there are many highly esteemed professors and scholars who think and act in all sorts of shabby and mean ways and get away with it because they keep up a dignified front and are backed by official authority. Why should we be so severe with this poor devil who is no worse than they are, just because he lays himself open to sneers by his sincerity?" No longer did I feel the pride of a vice crusader.

On the whole Freud welcomed his exclusion from academic functions since it spared him unnecessary complications and loss of time. The cause to which his life was strictly devoted had nothing to do with the sort of business transacted at faculty-meetings. He had eliminated almost everything that did not fit in with his planned life. Visits, social calls, and parties did not exist for him. Yet he always found time to receive friends when they wanted help and advice, and even on the busiest day he never appeared hurried or preoccupied in listening to them. He never forgot to visit them when they were ill, but, with rare exceptions, he never spent a quarter of an hour on social functions. An evening in the theatre was an extraordinary event that

happened only when the production of a play, like *Oedipus* or *Hamlet*, attracted his special attention. He visited the art museum and the archaeological collections, especially the exhibits from old Egypt, as often as possible on Sundays, and he never missed such visits when some specially interesting object of antiquity, for example the Hellenistic portraits of the Alexandrian epoch, was on show. The only permanent exception to this strict rule of concentration was his card party on Saturday nights, when he with some old friends who were great experts like himself played the traditional Viennese card game, *Tarock*, to which they had added some peculiar twists and complications.

His daily routine was as follows: Work with patients from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Midday meal with the family. An hour's brisk walk, occasionally used for visiting the bookseller, barber, cigar-store, or a dealer in antiques in order to inspect some new piece for his collections. The next hour was reserved for consultations which had to be arranged previously. Work with patients till seven or half-past. Freud's evening schedule was also strict but there was a little more variety in his activities. In coming to the family quarters he used to express his relief that the first part of the day was over by making a funny sound, something between a growl and a grunt, usually aimed at his youngest daughter. After the evening meal he withdrew to his studio, except on Wednesdays which belonged to the meet-

ing of the Psychoanalytic Society and on Saturdays when a part of the afternoon was devoted to the preparation of his lecture and the evening to its delivery, followed by the card game. About once a week either Rank alone or he and I together came for supper and stayed afterwards for long hours with him, preparing the next issues of the periodicals and discussing the articles which had been submitted. It is no exaggeration to say that Freud has read and passed judgment on every article that was submitted for publication in each of the periodicals (*Jahrbuch, Zeitschrift, Imago, Schriften zur angewandten Seelenkunde*) of which he was editor, no matter how long and uninteresting some of them were. After the actual work had been dispatched we sat for hours in his study which by that time was well filled with cigar-smoke. Under the silent stare of idols and animal-shaped gods we listened to some new article by Freud or read and discussed our own products, or just talked about things that interested us. On these nocturnal occasions Freud would often create, in a short sentence or two, a striking thumbnail-sketch of a character. Once, for instance, he told of having had the visit of an old friend who formerly had been a powerful figure in politics: "Aged lion, well on his way to becoming a couch-cover" (*Altgewordener Löwe, schon fast Bettvorleger*).

On all other evenings, Freud worked alone, studying and writing until long past midnight. When I once expressed my astonishment to Mrs. Freud that

he needed such a short time for sleep, she told me that he went to sleep at once and woke up punctually at the same time every morning. (This capacity, to switch off his mental energy at the shortest notice and to switch it on again to full power in a moment's time, was a notable characteristic of Napoleon.)

It is not surprising that a man who was so strictly economical with his time had a sincere hatred of waiting. Once he said to me good humouredly: "The most unnecessary expenditure I know of is for all the coal that's needed for hell-fire. It would be much better to go through the usual procedure, have the sinner condemned to so many hundred thousand years of roasting, then lead him into the next room and just let him sit there. To have to wait would soon become a worse punishment than being actually burned."

Self-contradiction is the mark of human nature. The only occasion when Freud squandered away his time unnecessarily was when he had to make a train. He was always a good deal ahead of the schedule and had to wait around at the station for an hour or so.

All day, from breakfast until he went to sleep, Freud smoked practically without pause. He was a chain-smoker in the fullest sense of the word. His usual quantum was twenty cigars a day, usually *Trabuccos*, a small and not too strong cigar which was the best product of the tobacco monopoly belonging to the Austrian government. He was so

fond of smoking that he was somewhat irritated when men around him did not smoke. Consequently nearly all who formed the inner circle became more or less passionate cigar-smokers. After his illness and the various operations which were made necessary by it he had to reduce his smoking considerably, but even in the weeks preceding his death he did not give it up altogether. He continued to offer me the regular cigar whenever he saw me as he always had used to do. Once I refused it saying that I had just finished a cigar. He laughed at this—and that was the last time I heard him laugh.

Freud made only sparing use of the many holidays in the calendar of catholic Vienna. He did not like to interrupt the rhythm of his work by short pauses, but every year he took a long summer vacation lasting a full three months, from the end of June to the end of September. The first part was spent with his family in some Alpine resort, Alt-Aussee or, later, a place in the Dolomites, the last weeks being reserved for travelling and sightseeing in Italy, usually in company of his brother or Ferenczi.

For years he was kept away from Rome, the goal of his strong desire, by the belief that in September the risk of malaria was still too great. After he had discovered that this belief, like many others, was founded on mere superstition (this is what he says in the *Interpretation of Dreams*) he never tired of exploring the place and rebuilding in his imagi-

nation the Septimontium, the city of the Caesars and the Rome of the Renaissance. In his later years, Athens became a rival to Rome.

The least successful of all his journeys was his trip to the United States, although it had started under the most favourable auspices. An invitation from Clark University to give a series of lectures and to receive an honorary degree at the occasion of its twentieth anniversary was the first public recognition of his new science, and the lectures became an undisputed triumph. Besides, Freud was grateful for the courtesy shown him by Professor G. Stanley Hall, the President of the University, and he felt unmixed respect for Professor Putnam in Boston who in spite of his Puritan background and ancestry had taken up the cudgels in defence of the "immoral" psychoanalysis. The ocean crossing cannot have been tedious, for Freud was in the company of his best friends: Ferenczi, Jones, and Jung. In his autobiographical sketch (*Selbstdarstellung*, 1925) he says: "In Europe I felt like an outcast, here I saw myself received by the best men as their equal. It was like the realisation of a fantastic day dream when I took the lecturer's seat in Worcester to give my 'Five lectures on Psychoanalysis'. Psychoanalysis had ceased to be an illusion, it had become a valuable piece of reality." Yet everything went the wrong way and he came home with a heavy load of dreary impressions which for all time distorted his picture of America. Years later he said to me:

"America is the most grandiose experiment the world has seen, but, I am afraid, it is not going to be a success."

I know about these things only through occasional remarks and fragmentary descriptions which I heard in later years. It was unlucky that at the time of his visit—1909—the domination of prudery and repression seemed still quite unbroken and only a few of the keenest observers were able to foresee the imminent change of attitude. Moreover Freud, not feeling quite well, was, contrary to his habit, fatigued and irritable all the time. Another part of his reaction I could reconstruct later out of my personal experience. It is the best thing for the visitor of a country if he is allowed to choose for himself what he wants to see and to be given now and then a useful hint how to go about it. But most of my American friends were much too eager for that, if they had an especially esteemed visitor on their hands. (Of course all this is changed now by the big emigration which has made men of European reputation as cheap as blackberries.) So some people, especially those who had a will of their own, became disgruntled when they were rushed around from place to place to see things in which they were only moderately interested.

During the regular summer vacation the work with his patients was stopped altogether. He used to say that it bends your thoughts to the actual problems of analysis quite as much if you work with

one patient as if you had half a dozen of them. All this was changed when his illness made travelling wearisome and staying at a place too far removed from his doctor became dangerous. He left Vienna then every summer for an indefinite period and went to the mountains in the vicinity, renting a house with garden to be better able to remain undisturbed by the intrusions of curious visitors whom he wanted to avoid more than ever before. To his general dislike of being made a showpiece was added his sensitivity about the defects which had been caused by the operations and the prosthesis in his mouth. In still later years he spent his summers in one of the garden suburbs of Vienna, first Pötzleinsdorf and then Grinzing.

The circle in which he moved became more and more restricted, but his attention to everything that held out the promise of beauty remained unabated. He observed every particle of his garden with the same zest and told as many interesting things about what happened there as about the art and civilization of foreign countries and their faraway past, the relics of which he had studied on the spot in more vigorous times. He contemplated the life-cycle of a flower, its growth and decay and rebirth, as he had looked at the struggle between Eros and death-instinct in the history of the human development.

In these later years he did not interrupt his analytical work; he restricted it to a few hours

reserved for urgent cases or specially privileged patients.

The three months of vacation to which Freud kept religiously while his health was unbroken gave him the free time and the ease for his writing. He made good use of these golden opportunities, but it would be erroneous to assume that his work was dependent on having so much free time at his disposal. On the contrary, he was able to go ahead with the most difficult and absorbing work in spite of the exacting daily routine which occupied his hours and thoughts from morning till night. Some works which made the greatest demands for concentration and which involved the assimilation of new material or the development of an unexpected approach, such as *Totem and Tabu*, were written during the continuous wear and tear of routine therapeutic psychoanalysis. Their accurate formulation did not suffer at all under these, to say the least, unfavourable conditions nor did Freud restrict the rest of his activities. There is always time for the labours of love.

CHAPTER V

A Considerable Protuberance

How is the work of creative thinking done? How are new and original ideas conceived and how, after they have grown to maturity, are they finally brought to light? Those who live close to a master mind ought to be able to tell the world about him, but they cannot learn more from him than he knows himself. This will hardly ever suffice to answer our question since the poet's, the artist's, the scientist's—including the psychologist's—own introspection is baffled by the ways in which his inspiration moves.

When a man like Freud builds up his mode of life in a carefully planned manner for the sole purpose of giving free scope to his research work, something can be learned about the psychic hygiene which he found helpful. We have at least a chance to notice the wax on which he imprinted the seal of his will. Therefore it may be worth while to begin by enumerating the activities of which his day's work was composed.

Eight or nine hours of therapeutical or training analysis (there is no essential difference between these two branches) make a strenuous day's work. I can testify to that after twenty-five years' experience. I am not speaking of the mental strain and

the necessity of permanent attention to which all intellectual workers have to get accustomed. Nor does the faultless functioning of the memory, which astonishes the outsider, deserve a separate mention since it is the natural consequence of the psychoanalyst's attitude toward the material on which he does his work. When he has acquired this attitude by his own analysis it results in the spontaneous smooth functioning of his unconscious whenever he needs it; otherwise he would remain hemmed in by his own resistance, and his good will or persistent endeavour could be of little avail to him. The real stress, which even the most complete analytical training cannot eliminate, is caused, not by the problem of how to let one's unconscious work freely, but by the danger of relaxing the control of the conscious ego all too much.

Comprehending another person's mind—except in the case of quite abstract, mathematical, or logical mental operations—means going through a flash or a series of flashes of identification with the person. The depth of comprehension depends on the intensity, not on the duration of the identification. Analytic understanding is built up according to this law. The unconscious is the part of the mind containing the emotions and experiences which are in the main common to all mankind. It therefore plays the most important part in this process of identification and if it is left entirely to its own devices it will go on beyond reach, much farther

than the point desirable for the purposes of analysis. Any conflict between the conscious aim and the attraction of the unconscious tends to produce a resistance, with all its unwelcome consequences. This makes a continuous unending self-analysis obligatory for every analyst in order to insure the durable self-control which keeps the line steady between the two personal ties, despite their close approach and occasional divergence in the unconscious; otherwise the identification could not be used for its proper purpose, that is as the medium required for a dispassionate and comprehensive understanding. The distance which safeguards the functioning of the critical faculties must not get lost. This handling and holding of the delicate balance of identification cannot be managed without strain. An analyst who has to transform himself into seven or eight different personalities in one day, holding himself well in hand all the time, naturally wants to be left to himself for his leisure.

Freud's intuitive understanding of the unconscious reached as far as psychological insight can delve. He was able to trace its most intricate mazes which, but for him, might have long remained unknown and unexplored. This guidance by his intuition was needed for the beginning of the great adventure, as well as for every step that led further into dark and dangerous regions. In the early days when he possessed as yet neither a theory nor technical experience from which he could draw,

tremendous forces of resistance threatened his work from every side. Instead of encouragement, he received nothing but violent protests and derision from his contemporaries. The work with his analysands was an endless series of experiments without the benefit of laboratory conditions. Presented through the medium of free associations, torn up by unforeseen incidents and emotional tempests, the material resembled more a witch's cauldron than a tidy test tube. The results, successes and failures, were only gradually discriminated and processed for scientific use. Since he wanted to extract every drop of knowledge out of his experiences and impressions he could not afford to withdraw his attention from them when the hours of analytic work were over. The luxury of being left to oneself was not for him. He had to record his material, examine it diligently, and sift it critically while it was fresh in his mind; he knew that this was the only way to preserve it. To fixate an analytical "conversation piece" or dramatic scene accurately, yet without deadening pedantry, is a difficult proposition even for the best experts. From the beginning of his work as an analyst until nearly the end of his life (for approximately fifty years) Freud recorded currently the case histories of all patients whose problems aroused his special interest, putting down the more important parts in great detail, often word for word. He did not do this immediately after the patient had left, except for an occasional

scribbling of a few notes. Mostly, instead of writing the story hour for hour, which would have meant a constant dropping and picking up of threads, he put it in the form of a coherent narration, with entries every week or so. Four of these case histories were carefully edited and published as monographs; fragments of the others can be found dispersed through all of his clinical and many of his non-clinical papers.

This—the analysis and the recording—in mere quantity would represent the full-time work of an industrious person, about eight to ten hours daily.

Freud's correspondence had extension as well as intensity. When it is published, the number of his letters will amount to several thousand, even setting aside those of purely personal interest and those that have been lost and destroyed in private or public catastrophes, such as the greater part of the letters I have received from him. Letters to intimates, strangers, disciples, critics, opponents, and sympathizers, to prospective or former analysands, to scholars whose interest was aroused, and to writers whose psychological intuition was challenged by his work—these are only the main groups. He seldom failed to answer the letters of various free lances and even of eccentrics if they aroused his sympathy or showed the slightest touch of originality. The greater part of his letters were addressed to his disciples who lived in other countries; he was a constant source of help and advice to them, and some-

times a source of correction on all matters that were related to analysis. Moreover, in their personal affairs, these men and women whose character-problems were mostly not of the simple or ordinary variety looked to him, and not in vain, for guidance in the tribulations and complications of their private lives. In his letters to his disciples he discussed the theoretical and technical problems, resolved difficulties, criticized and proposed emendations, disseminated his new ideas, and helped his correspondents to develop and clarify theirs. Hardly less important were the letters on the issues of the organization: the structure and membership of the new groups, the personal relations within them, the courses, seminars and lectures, the starting of new periodicals, or co-operation with the existing ones.

On his writing desk he kept a big sheet of paper, where under the date of each day, he noted on the left the letters received, and on the right, the letters sent. He wrote all of his letters in longhand, and even in later days he used only on exceptional occasions his daughter Anna as secretary. Even in the last weeks before his death when he needed all his strength to hold the pen, the few letters he was still able to write he wrote in longhand.

When Freud's letters are collected and published the amount of wisdom and vision which they contain, the depth and daring of his mind, the vigour and wit of his expression will surprise even those—and their number now is great and increasing

steadily—who already appreciate and admire these qualities in his books. I can speak about this with authority, since I was myself the recipient of quite a few of these letters, and I have heard him read others which contained things which he wanted us—i.e. Rank and myself—to know, and I have occasionally been shown some of his letters by those to whom they were addressed.

All the time I lived near him, I wondered how he managed to accomplish so much. It seemed that the mere mechanic act would take more time than he had spent on writing all these letters, not counting the work of thinking and of formulating his thoughts. I asked his family how it was done and they said they did not know either. "He goes to his study and after an hour he brings us ten letters to be mailed." I felt puzzled and a bit irritated at my inability to penetrate this mystery until I found a passage, which offered a parallel, in Suetonius' *Life of Caesar*, where he quotes the saying of a friend of Cæsar's, Hirtius, about the writing of the *Commentaries*: "My admiration is greater than that of others; for these know only how well and faultless his writing was, whereas I also know how quickly and easily it was done." (*Cuius tamen rei maior nostra quam reliquorum est admiratio; ceteri, quam bene atque emendate, nos etiam quam facile et celeriter eos perscripserit, scimus.*)

Freud's scientific productivity, his research and discoveries mark an epoch in the history of man's

understanding of man. They incited in him the ceaseless endeavour to make them accessible to everyone who was ready for this new kind of knowledge. The conception and creation of books, articles, and lectures formed an uninterrupted procession for over sixty years. Without including his earlier publications on physiology and neurology and his translations, these books and articles fill twelve volumes of the *Gesamt-Ausgabe* (Collected Papers) with his *Moses and Monotheism* as the thirteenth volume. But in such matter it is senseless to speak of the mere bulk. Anyone in half a century can fill twelve volumes, and this is not the right place to evaluate his writings. Praising or criticizing them here would be likewise superfluous. Therefore I do not intend to say more about his books which lie open to all the world, but to turn again to the personality behind those books, the man whom few people knew as well as I did. I shall try to tell what I was able to observe about his method of writing.

He wrote all his books and articles like his letters in longhand. The handwriting is very characteristic, rather big letters in Gothic script, narrowly spaced with the lines so close together that the words nearly touched. In looking at one of the large sheets covered by his handwriting, the first impression one gets is of an intricate network, a sort of labyrinth. On close inspection it turns out that this labyrinth is quite readable; the letters are clearly traced, nothing is left out or neglected, all the little

syntactical symbols are given with great diligence. The most curious characteristic of his manuscripts is one which Ben Jonson also noted in those of his friend W. S. (as I have already compared Freud with Socrates, Napoleon, and Cæsar, I may as well compare him with Shakespeare): "In his writing he never blotted out a line." I asked him once how this was possible, since he was dealing with such difficult conceptions which needed the most careful formulation. I wondered whether he had never to search for the exact expression or if he did it by jotting down notes which were sifted and corrected until they could be used for the final draft. He answered that he was not in the habit of writing down anything before the final stage, but that he thought out the plan for every article or chapter thoroughly, not only the content and construction, but also the exact formulation of each sentence, before he put pen to paper. When he sat down to write, the process was almost automatic under the inner dictation of the prearranged sentences.

This absence of detailed corrections does not mean that he considered what he had written as absolutely final. If he found himself dissatisfied with the manner of exposition or considered that the structure of his argumentation did not stand up well enough under the weight which had been put on it, or if he modified his opinion altogether, then he cancelled the whole thing and started to rewrite it. It made no difference if it was a short article, a

chapter of a book, or an entire book. He always hated to patch up things, whether in the intellectual or emotional sphere. He acted this way with *Hemmung, Symptom und Angst* (*Inhibition, Symptom and Anxiety*) and to a great extent with the *Interpretation of Dreams* which he withheld from publication for several years, rewriting some chapters repeatedly until he felt satisfied.

His severe self-criticism caused alterations, postponements, sometimes cancellations. The criticism of others, whom he considered more or less competent judges, was welcomed and when he read his papers in manuscript either to his close friends or to the group in Vienna or at the meetings of the I.P.A. (International Psychoanalytic Association) an animated discussion followed; he would carefully enter into the spirit of every objection and endeavour to assess its weight and strength accurately. Yet he was hardly ever so far convinced by anything that was said that he felt it necessary to make any change. These arguments were not new to him. He had let them pass muster while he was still in the stage of collecting and co-ordinating his ideas and he judged them then and there according to their worth.

The great patience which Freud showed in listening to arguments and answering them, even if they were a bit stale, was reserved exclusively for honest opponents who kept the discussion on the basis of an objective search for truth. For those who used

declamations and high sounding words instead of arguments he showed no indulgence at all. I have been told of an incident that occurred in the earliest stage of psychoanalysis when Freud had not yet withdrawn entirely from public discussion. The subject, presented and discussed before a group of students, was "Sexual Abstinence". Freud, without pronouncing himself in favour of either side, presented the psychoanalytic point of view, answered questions and explained facts. But when his chief opponent, a professor on the faculty of philosophy, mounted the high horse of a moralistic harangue (this man's permanent hobbyhorse as well as milking cow), Freud picked up his hat and overcoat and left the room without a word.

Although Freud did not need much time for the actual writing of his works he took a great deal of time in the preparation. For some of them a mass of reading had to be done before he entered the decisive stage in the formation of his thoughts. How much time and energy he spent on meditating his problems in some cases can be guessed, but not measured.

In what way his ideas germinated is anybody's guess. What was at first a small clue in psychopathology widened out by the untiring concentration of an original mind, until eventually it grew into a fundamental concept of psychology, of human civilization, and lastly of all organic development. Some of the sudden enlightments which marked a

step in this evolution have been described by Freud, for instance how the concept of sublimation—that is, the process by which the primitive object of a drive is exchanged for a higher, socially adapted one—was revealed to him. It happened while he was looking at a cartoon in a humorous periodical (*Fliegende Blätter*) which showed the career of a girl in two subsequent stages. In the first she was herding a flock of young geese with a stick, in the second she was shown as a governess directing a group of young ladies with her parasol. The girls in the second picture were arranged exactly in the same groups as the goslings in the first.

Freud's style of writing is quite different from the easy, conversational manner which characterized his lectures. Clarity was his object in both, but in writing it had to take second place to precision. He was not easily satisfied on this point, and his sentences were moulded and pressed, sometimes twisted, until they expressed his thought accurately, neither saying more nor less. His sentences are therefore rich in delicate shades of meaning, yet their structure, while clear and logical, is often far from simple, so that they do not make easy reading. There are probably few people better acquainted with his works than I, yet whenever I want to inform myself about some point or other, for the purpose of a lecture or a problem which has come up in my work with an analysand, I have to read his words with strict attention and quite often find something new

that I had overlooked in all my previous readings. This is to say that Freud wrote for readers who wanted to get knowledge at the price of study and not for those who came for amusement, quick information, or just to fill an idle hour.

Freud read a great many books and scientific articles on subjects in which he felt an interest. History came first; the study of life and art in antique Rome and Greece attracted him, but still more the Near Orient: Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and Phoenicia. He followed the reports of new excavations and his collecting spirit was roused by each new discovery. Studying with eagerness the descriptions and illustrations, he drew comparisons with his own treasured possessions. He never wearied of demonstrating some point of special interest or in explaining, in the true collector's manner and spirit, the good or bad workmanship, the possibility of a falsification, etc. My special favourite was the Egyptian statuette of a baboon which stood on his writing desk. It reproduced the characteristic poise of this dignified animal in a few masterly lines and bore an expression which could be as well that of deepest thoughtfulness or of complete inanity, but certainly of nothing petty in between.

Freud had the habit of taking one or another piece of his collection from its place, and of examining it by sight and touch while he was talking. He never did this however when he was listening; then he sat

still, his eyes looking inwards, only now and then he played with his ring. Neither the expression of his face nor a shift in his position gave the slightest sign of whether he was pleased or displeased by what he heard. His later comments left no doubt how attentively he had listened.

In the years of his growing fame his collection grew rapidly too; many valuable and interesting objects from all parts of the world were added as gifts or by purchase. An Egyptian statuette came to him directly from the tomb of Tutankamen. Besides the Near Orient the Far East now began to be represented. Freud had always been fond of Chinese jade and he acquired some pieces in which the beauty of the material was set off by the artistic perfection of workmanship. The prize of beauty went to a toad in dark green jade; it became a sort of totem to all of us which had to be present on every solemn occasion.

The full impression of the vast size that the collection had attained and of the exquisiteness of its items I could not wholly appreciate until I saw it in the summer of 1939 in London. There, instead of being placed in a small and darkish back room, it was displayed in a spacious living room, filled with sunlight which streamed in from the garden through open doors and windows.

In all of Freud's historical interests, down to the minute details of the things in his collection, the "red thread" of psychoanalysis was present. In the

strata of extinct civilizations on which our own is built, he studied the diversity of the methods of cultural repression and its results.

It was the same when he talked with his intimates; the psychoanalytic point of view was never neglected. In every incident of life that came under discussion, he detected and demonstrated the influence of a particular form of infantile wish-phantasy, of the effects made by its repression, adaptation, distortion, sublimation, or overcompensation, of the ways in which the unconscious disguised itself behind tragic and comic masks. His remarks, however, never became the abstract demonstrations of a theory; persons and events retained the elusive quality of life, just as Macbeth and the Moses of Michelangelo retained the elusive quality of art when he subjected them to the most penetrating methods of his psychological interpretation.

The analytical spectacles through which Freud looked at the world revealed many aspects that to other eyes remained blurred or obscure, but these spectacles did not distort them. His constant awareness of the impact of the unconscious on all human affairs did not tend to simplify the complexities of life. He gave attention to the character of the epoch, to the social milieu, and to the influence of the family; he took notice of the interference of accidental events with destiny, but he saw none of these factors as independent entities. They were

the rocks through which the stream of life, springing from its unknown sources, forced its way. Such an attitude might be called by some critics more artistic than scientific, but science is not necessarily artificial or unartistic.

Daimon kai Tyche, the demonic power of the unconscious and the strength of external circumstances, childhood and actuality, phantasy and fate appeared as parts of a complicated pattern in which all the threads are interwoven inextricably. 'Es ist in allem all's verborgen und verhohlen' (In everything all things are concealed and hidden) as Angelus Silesius, the mystic poet of the seventeenth century, says.

Freud's interest in books was a part of his interest in the living human mind. His range of reading embraced more than books of a technical or scientific kind. He knew most of what is commonly called "the great works of world literature" and read many of the prominent writers of his own time. He was helped by his extensive knowledge of language—nothing extraordinary in the Vienna of those days where people of good educational standard not only weretaught foreign languages, as it is done everywhere, but really learned to use them. Besides his mother tongue he had full command of English and French and could read Italian and Spanish fluently. He did not make much use of the Latin and Greek although he had been proficient in both at school.

Among the modern authors of his choice—they are not modern any longer, but they stand up well—Anatole France was the one whom he discussed most often with me. He urged me to read *La Révolte des Anges* and drew my attention especially to the chapters describing the development of civilization as a struggle between the revolted angels and Jahwe-Jaldabaoth. He was deeply impressed by the end where Satan refuses to accept the offered leadership and certain victory because he understands that after overthrowing the old despot by means of force and taking his place, he would inevitably acquire his cruelty and narrowmindedness. Freud gave a lecture on this subject to the *B'nai B'rith* (children of the covenant), an association of Jewish intellectuals—one of the few cases where he spoke to an audience not composed of analysts.

Goethe was the unending, inexhaustible subject for all who were born and bred in the atmosphere of German culture in the nineteenth century. Consequently his life and works played no small part in our talks. One of Freud's saying I remember especially well. We were standing in front of the "Sophie-Dorothea edition" of Goethe's works which being the most comprehensive of all the complete editions filled three of his bookshelves. Freud said, pointing towards it, "All this was used by him as a means of self-concealment". Evidently he did not accept the self-characterization in which Goethe

called his works "fragments of a great confession". (*Bruchstücke einer grossen Konfession.*)

When I was led to Freud by my admiration of Dostoevsky, I had no idea that I was drawn by a secret thread. Psychoanalysis revealed to me much later that I had been guided by the Russian's unique magic by which he used to conjure the damned—repressed—spirits out of the abyss. His complete knowledge and accurate delineation of the unconscious powers which dominate his characters was the way in which his tortured genius pushed his own unconscious from darkness into daylight. Dostoevski would deserve to be called Freud's forerunner if art and science did not move on separate paths. Freud knew all this and fully appreciated Dostoevski's genius, but he spoke about him with a certain aloofness and never showed the enthusiasm which he had for some other less titanic figures among the intuitive psychologists. The inner conflicts of Dostoevski—whose case Freud never diagnosed as one of epilepsy, but as one of hysteria manifested in violent epileptiform attacks—are identical with those Freud discovered and described. But with Dostoevski his conflicts and those of the characters formed in his image were destined to be interminable. Without the intervention of God, which remained even to him a doubtful proposition, they are bound to run a full and supremely vicious circle. Freud acknowledged the profundity of Dostoevski's psychology, but his

own character rejected self-laceration as the ultimate goal of life. The unbending energy of his nature demanded more; he revolted instinctively against this strangulation of will power.

When he once and only once used a harsh expression about his neurotic patients—he called them “the fools” (*die Narren*)—I explained this to myself as a similar reaction. He showed generally the finest appreciation for the valuable qualities of his analysands, even if these were entirely obscured by their neurotic inhibitions. Rather he inclined to a sort of parental over-estimation. I suppose that at this moment he felt sorely vexed by their eternal tendency to turn back and run again through the whole gamut of self-torture.

In later years after the revolution, when Freud's works were for a time published by the Russian government (*gossudarstvennoje isd'atel'stvo*), I spoke very optimistically about the influence that psychoanalysis might have in building up a new Russia, but he answered with scepticism in regard to the *dme russe*: “These Russians are like water that fills out every vessel, but retains the shape of none.”

Freud often quoted Heine; I heard him repeat with the delight of a connoisseur the passage: “An ox in the village was so old that he became childish and when he was killed his meat tasted like aged veal.” He would have found a new confirmation of his respect for the poet, had he lived long enough to see come true Heine's grandiose prophecy in the

last pages of the "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany" (*Der Salon*, Vol. II).

Shakespeare was the most frequent topic of our discussions when they turned to literature. Freud's remarks about the Oedipus complex in *Hamlet* had fallen on fertile ground. I have already mentioned the debates about *Hamlet* in the early seminars. Then came Ernest Jones's book on the same subject; somewhat later Freud turned his attention to other plays: to *Richard III* and *Macbeth* in "Some Character-types Encountered in Psychoanalysis", and to *The Merchant of Venice* in "The Motive of the Choice of the Caskets". Several of his disciples, myself among them, followed his example and found rich analytic pasture in Shakespeare's plays. In our discussions he made me notice how Shakespeare, although a master in displaying or concealing his technique of motivation at will, is not, like Ibsen, mechanically conscientious about it. He throws logic and consequence to the winds and courts contradictions if they suit the emotional situation. Freud pointed out that Hamlet's doubt, in his famous monologue, about the existence after death is quite unjustified, since he is convinced that he has quite recently seen a ghost returned from the grave.

Freud later gave credence to the theory that the author of Shakespeare's work was a scion of the old and noble line of De Vere. He lent me the book which presented and defended this new hypo-

thesis ("*Shakespeare*" Identified in *Edward de Vere, the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*, by J. Thomas Looney), but I remained unconvinced. To me the small-town boy, whose father was fined for the dunghheap at the door, seems still the most likely author of *The Tempest* and *Measure for Measure*.

In reporting illustrations of the extent of Freud's activities, I have only given my direct and personal observations, nothing more or less. I used to compare him with those figures in the fairy tales of whom it is said they have the strength of twelve men. The curious thing—or perhaps it may not be so curious after all—is that he was quite as indefatigable when it came to physical exertions. Of a slender build, with the characteristic sloping shoulders and slightly stooping back of the scholarly type, he was all the same untiring when it came to walking or mountain climbing. I remember a long walk in the mountains near Vienna in deep snow on a Christmas Day. Some friends from Berlin, London, and the Hague had joined us, so that we were quite a large group. When we arrived at the terminus of the trolley line almost all of us were near exhaustion, but Freud and one or two stalwarts walked on home. The companions of his travels, his younger brother, Ferenczi and others—except Rank who was of the same ilk—complained that he overtired them. When he went to any place he knew exactly what he wanted to see and he did not give in until he had seen every bit of it. When, in

the summer of 1917, we went for long tours in the Tatra Mountains on rough roads and the rest of the company, after a two or three hours' march, needed a breathing spell, Freud never sat down with us, but went on small private excursions of his own. He always found an unexpected view or an unusual plant or something else that interested him. His eyes had the same uncanny quality as his mind—or rather this quality was so strong with him that it pervaded everything he did—namely, the ability to see what all others overlooked. This was brought home to me strikingly by a trifle. In the woods of the Tatra grew *Herrenpilze*, the most tasty of mushrooms. Freud instituted competitions in hunting them, setting a first prize of a nickel and a second of two cents (20 and 10 Heller) for the most beautiful specimens. But nobody ever touched this money, because he won, every time, both prizes.

I know that this somewhat glowing description of Freud's capacity to carry a heavy burden of work in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner and to have time and energy left for the other enterprises I have mentioned will give the impression of hero-worship—*furor biographicus* as he used to say. This impression will not be much weakened when I admit that once or twice I found him in his studio playing solitaire, but is unfounded all the same, for the simple reason that I consider all these things as remarkable, or even extraordinary, but by no means unique. They are not more than the background against which

the figure of the man is outlined. I dare say that there are scholars as well as statesmen and business executives who work as hard and steadily and who get things done in as efficient a way as he did. When I was writing here about the amount of work and the style in which he did it, the old feeling of being puzzled came back to me, but nothing more. I went on with it because I thought it worth-while to describe the manner in which his nature manifested itself, but I have never forgotten that all this is only external and therefore of relatively inferior importance.

“Another mountain I called immense. ‘No,’ said he, ‘but ’tis a considerable protuberance’ ” (Boswell’s *Tour in the Hebrides*: 1st September).

CHAPTER VI

In the Arena

A CHARACTERIZATION of Freud would be incomplete without a picture of him as a fighter. Conflicts were an intrinsic part of his life since his work challenged time-honoured taboos and shook the foundation of the most sacred beliefs. The arguments which he used in dealing with his opponents can be examined and the methods of his dialectic studied by everyone in his books, but how he responded emotionally is less apparent. I should have had many opportunities for witnessing it since the years of my close and regular association with him fell just in the time when the general rejection of psychoanalysis was more fierce and the criticism more embittered than ever before or after. As a matter of fact, I have not much to say on the subject for the simple reason that I saw things from his side of the fence and although a great deal of noise was made around him, very little of it penetrated deeply enough to ruffle his mind or cause a great deal of arguing. He stood within a magic circle which none of the hostile spirits were allowed to enter. This was not equivalent to inactivity or to self-defence by way of a disappearing act, but he entered the arena only on certain, carefully chosen occasions. After the kill he returned quietly to his work, paying no attention to the excited crowd.

Most of the criticisms were examples of the hollow self-assurance and arrogant air of superiority which flourished in the German mind in the years before the First World War almost to the same extent as in the period preceding the present war. Combined with them was the characteristic brand of German intolerance which is not satisfied with refutation by arguments but tends to trample down every sign of dissent and to deny even the opponent's right to exist. It is an open question whether this intolerance is a form of German thoroughness or the thoroughness a result of the intolerance; but so much is certain, that no nation has treated its great men with such absolute lack of courtesy—or should it be called leniency—as the German. It is a truism that the genius is not recognized in his own time and a gospel-truth that a prophet is without honour in his own country, but cases like the mud and abuse that were heaped on Goethe and Schiller in answer to their "Xenien" and the absolute silence by which Schopenhauer was encompassed for almost thirty years as the only response to his monumental work are without parallel in the history of other civilized nations. To give the devil his due I must add that some Jewish critics participated in the exhibition of immaturity and bad taste—perhaps because they wanted to prove their full assimilation of Teutonism by "out-heroding Herod". Disregarding these abnormalities we may still note that Jewish scientists were among Freud's most severe

critics—a nice illustration of the Nazi legend of Jewish spiritual solidarity.

Freud tells in his *History of the Psychoanalytic Movement* how surprised he was by the violent reaction to his statement that neurotic disturbances had a psycho-sexual origin. His surprise was probably short-lived and certainly a thing of the past when I knew him. He was then convinced that the emotional rejection of psychoanalysis at first sight was as much a natural and necessary phenomenon as the resistance in the analysis of a neurotic patient. He was therefore not inclined to let himself be drawn into any sustained and continuous controversy and advised his disciples to act the same way. Now and then a short, sharp riposte was all his adversaries could get out of him. This was due to his marked aversion to the sterility of polemic writing which has been justified by the results. The success of psychoanalysis—as far as it goes—is certainly not due to its triumphs in polemic encounters, but to the fruitfulness of its positive results.

Neither Freud's recognition of the inevitability of the opposition to psychoanalysis nor the infrequency of his public protests were symptoms of his complacency. That he was aware of the deeper cause of attacks did not make him look at the personalities and personal motives of the attackers with benevolent eyes. He did not speak his mind about them often because of the exceedingly small amount of respect he felt for them, not because of soft feeling

or a wish to spare their sensitivities. If he spoke of one of his habitual adversaries, it was in amusement about some comical blunder. Two of these stories which he told with mischievous glee, I can still remember.

A "higher critic" who stoutly denied any connection between neurosis and sexuality was confronted in his clinic with a hysteric girl whose attacks were an unmistakable imitation of the act of childbirth. He said "Childbirth has nothing to do with sexuality" and went away.

Another told his students that there was not a grain of truth in the Freudian theory and then proceeded to demonstrate a case of obsessional neurosis. The patient told of several of his obsessions and complained that one which caused him great suffering was the impulse to turn up the petticoats of every woman he met (this was the time of long skirts and petticoats). The professor saw the smile on the faces of his students and he said: "Just wait a bit. You will see the superficial aspect of this symptom is quite misleading." He then asked the patient: "Do you have this obsessional impulse also in relation to your mother?" "Yes, Herr Professor, very strongly, that is the worst of it!" "You see, gentlemen," concluded the professor, "that there can be nothing sexual in this symptom."

The controversy with these critics who looked at psychoanalysis from outside and often had only a faint acquaintance with it caused Freud no head-

aches. He had a bitter smile for the swashbucklers and now and then a short bout of arguments with a serious critic. Another unforeseen necessity to defend his work produced more serious trouble: to have to fight his former disciples who had turned away from his teaching and had constructed a doctrine of their own by rearranging certain parts of psychoanalysis, neglecting others and adding new ingredients of doubtful value. (The question if, at a later time, when they had become still farther removed from Freud's ways of thinking, they have made independent contributions to psychology does not warrant discussion here since it did not enter Freud's sphere of interest. It is my intention to portray his attitude, not to give an appreciation or a criticism of divergent schools of psychological thought.) Freud put all the fire and vigour of his nature into the job of answering these, especially Adler and Jung. He never tired of finding new arguments against them, was always ready to return to the fray, and made his disciples join the fight. This eagerness, very different from his attitude towards outside opposition, was not due to a misgiving that these new theories were more dangerous to psychoanalysis than the old resistance, nor was he impressed by the fact that these antagonists had formerly ranked with the best of his disciples. What moved him—aside from the personal element, of which there will be more to say—was the concern that these new views which were

launched at first under the name of psychoanalysis would muddle and confuse things to such a point that it would become next to impossible to know what was really psychoanalysis and what not. It must be remembered that Freud never underestimated the importance of psychoanalysis because it was his own brain-child; he felt convinced that it was one of the most far-reaching and fateful discoveries that man ever made on his way to self-knowledge; he considered it as his inviolable trust and sacred duty to keep it clear and free from all inferior alloy. In the execution of this duty he was untiring and unbending, hard and sharp like steel, a "good hater" close to the limit of vindictiveness.

The most important "schisms" were those of Adler, Stekel, Jung, and Rank. The departure of Stekel stirred up no deep feelings; Freud had never taken him quite seriously although he recognized his various gifts. His calmness was more surprising when Rank, who had been his closest and most trusted collaborator for more than twenty years, left him. But he had observed that a fundamental change had taken place in Rank's character-formation which began to develop at the time when the older man's mortal disease had appeared. (Freud used the description of this change for exemplification in one of his books, of course without any indication whom he had in mind.) His awareness that in the future Rank would be more of a liability than an asset to psychoanalysis kept him free from

any sentimental regret, as will be described elsewhere in this book. At the time of Adler's exodus I was still too much of an acolyte to know Freud's personal reaction, but the process of Jung's breaking away from psychoanalysis I witnessed step by step, up to the final climax at the Congress of Munich, in 1913.

A great poet is always the best adviser, if anyone were willing to listen to him. Freud ought to have read and remembered what Carl Spitteler says in his novel *Imago* about his Swiss countrymen: "If two doors were opened to them, one to paradise and the other to a lecture about paradise, they all would choose the second door." As it was, he misconstrued Jung's and his associates' interest in analysis and built high hopes on his personality, of which he saw only the bright side. For once he was a victim of his wishful thinking and his self-deception went so far that he did not read the signs in the sky—that is, the small but significant and steadily multiplying symptoms of Jung's altered attitude to him—when others, who were ordinarily much less sharp-sighted than he (one of their number being myself), were already able to discern them.

Freud showed me afterwards the last correspondence with Jung which resulted in his finally awakening to the unwelcome truth. This process must have been one of the most painful episodes in his life. After he got over it he did his best to draw a straight and widely visible line between himself and

his former disciple. He had a low opinion of the scientific value of Jung's theories and criticized their constant escape into half-mystical obscurities; when he gave them any further attention he was directed solely by the wish to keep them out of psychoanalysis.

All these departures and schisms—I have not mentioned some minor ones—with their subsequent arguments and recriminations produced a wrong impression of Freud's person and of the rôle he played in the psychoanalytic movement. These events made a good deal of noise and attracted for a time the attention not only of scientists, but also of a part of the general public. The enemies of psychoanalysis—and there were always a number of them at hand—made the most of these developments, predicting triumphantly its imminent disintegration. Superficially it looked as if all the prominent men who had once been Freud's nearest and dearest friends, first Breuer and Fliess, later Adler, Jung, and Rank, had been driven away sooner or later by his despotism or ill nature. This is far from the truth, but it was easier to overlook the larger and quite as distinguished group of the faithful disciples than the more interesting "rebellious sons". For a time the opinion became general that Freud was a stern, sour individual, a tyrannical schoolmaster who scowled on everyone who showed the least sign of disobedience. It is one of the purposes of this book to destroy this legend, which has absolutely no

foundation in fact. All the same it will be worthwhile to examine the trends in Freud's mind which caused a long series of these schisms to happen, one following at the heel of the other. Something imminent in the situations created by his personality must have been at work, independent of the individual motives in each single cause.

It was Freud's enduring wish to be relieved from wearing the insignia of power. He went out of his way in his search for the right man to whom he could entrust the leadership of the psychoanalytic movement; when he thought he had found him, he tried to invest the man of his choice—Adler, Jung, Rank—with full authority. This was a tactical error since it is a well-known historical fact that of all persons who are likely to get into sharp opposition to the reigning monarch, the likeliest is the crown prince. Psychoanalysis explains why this rule, which has wrecked many dynasties, holds fast in all analogous situations. Freud knew all this but his passionate desire to leave the future of psychoanalysis in trustworthy hands was strong enough to get the better of his theoretical knowledge and hard-won experience.

This inevitable friction between king and crown prince, father and son, master and disciple becomes not less dangerous and difficult if it is cropping up in the analytic field, among the analysts, who, after all, are human, all too human, beings. On the contrary, peculiar complications get mixed in which

represent a part of the toll to be paid for the better psychological understanding. The constant preoccupation with the unconscious works for a long time like an irritant that gives the mind no rest. It is enough to stir up the emotions but not enough to reorganize them on a new basis. The advice to let well enough alone cannot be followed by psychoanalysts. The only way for an analyst to get out of this highly unsatisfactory situation is never to stop half-way in the investigation of the unconscious, but to see to it that his own analysis is and remains full and thorough. In the earlier days, however, this way was not open, except by self-analysis which is a slow process and not suitable to everyone. In those days Freud was practically the only one whose knowledge and experience was far enough advanced to undertake such a job successfully. He was always ready to help his friends and disciples with his advice in their self-analysis, but he refused to accept them as his regular analysands. This decision was wise and prudent since the interplay of personal relations and psychoanalytic transference would have put still worse obstacles in the way of the analytic progress, but for all that it proved not less unfortunate. The half-admitted, half-repressed affects against the substitute-father, the rebellion, hate, resentment, and other petty spite played all sorts of nasty tricks. Afterwards, with the "second generation" of younger men who had not been in intimate personal relation with Freud, this problem

disappeared and he consented repeatedly to their wish to be analyzed by him. (The concept of "training analysis" was not perfected until the new-founded psychoanalytic institutes provided the facilities for it. It was discovered that the best way to avoid the difficulties alluded to was to install someone other than the master or leader of the group as training-analyst who would function as a sort of catalyst. After twelve years' experience in Berlin I can state that even a catalyst's task is not always pleasant.)

Another stone of offence was Freud's uncompromising attitude when he was faced by anything that he considered a lapse from the grace of sincerity and intellectual honesty. He had no use for Benjamin Franklin's sage advice to introduce a refutation by: "I can quite appreciate your point of view" or the like. He had no smile for the tribe of devisers of ambiguities who are busy building bridges between "yes" and "no" nor the wish to befriend the dwellers in the no-man's-land between truth and falsehood. He felt still more remote from those who were willing to renounce a formerly acknowledged truth because they became afraid of their enemies, of their friends, or of themselves. To such lack of moral courage he reacted not with violent reproof, but with contempt. No appeal exists against contempt, and its silence stings worse and causes more bitterness than the most outspoken condemnation. This made any further relation impossible when the breaking point was once reached. Every rupture

with a former friend in Freud's life was final. I have seen him several times go the limit of patience and indulgence for those who passed through a crisis, but I never noticed that he felt inclined to make a step towards a reconciliation.

All these traits and trends in Freud's character were not by mere accident parts of the personality of the discoverer of the unconscious and builder of psychoanalysis. They were but different aspects of the same first cause. To look at the Medusa's head is no parlour game. Freud—and this is the sum of everything that has been said in this chapter—was steady enough to stand firm when he perceived that we are not and never will become the masters of our own soul, even when he made the staggering discovery of what unholy stuff the unknown masters are made. He did not flinch when he had to look down, standing at the brink of the precipice. Most others who followed in his tracks got at first a fit of giddiness and had to hold on to him to steady themselves when the mountains seemed to reel. What could those do who were too proud to be supported by him and yet too weak to stand alone? They covered their eyes with their hands and slunk away.

CHAPTER VII

All I Know about Him

WHOEVER gets engrossed in reading a book enters into some sort of companionship with its author. His own contribution to the joint stock consists in his willingness to respond with every facet of his personality—his emotion, his imagination, and, if need be, his intellect. The book and the man who produced it become an integral part of him. He shares with them a part of his private life from which strangers, and often even intimates, are excluded.

This may happen even to the reader of a book which does not appeal to the emotions, but contains only objective data about organic life or inanimate nature, like works on biology, astronomy, or geology. It must happen inevitably if the reader of a book is reminded of his own inner experiences, the unconscious ones, of course, included. This bond will become very close indeed for those to whose restrained and earth-bound imagination the author has lent a pair of wings; they will be deeply moved and eternally grateful for a new sensation and an unknown joy. Such a bond is formed mostly by the great masterpieces of art—poems, novels, or dramas, but it is not beyond the power of works which deal with hard realities, like history, biography,

sociology, philosophy, which give a reflection of human life, of its affects, moods, and passions, provided their humanity is genuine and not too superficial.

In psychology the question whether such a relation has been created is of the utmost significance; it may serve as the touchstone for the value of every book about the mind and its affairs. If it fails to arouse in the student an interest in the person of its author and a sense of his personality, it gives no more than the empty shell of psychology.

The upshot of every communion of this sort is bound to be that the reader tries to fabricate for his personal benefit a mental picture of his new friend and companion (or of his new foe and adversary). This will be done unintentionally and more or less unconsciously, but the deeper he has been stirred by the book, the stronger will be his desire to create a complete and impressive, though imaginary, portrait. The main material for such a portrait is furnished by the work itself and the emotions aroused by it. It is eked out by such scraps of biography as come the reader's way and can be fitted in some way or other into his preconceived notions. The appearance of the author, seen either in the flesh or in his pictures, will be used for studies in physiognomy.

Such an image, although lacking in objectivity, has the great advantage of being alive, and therefore forms a pleasant contrast to the traditional and extremely dead plaster cast of an "immortal". It

builds the personality of the man more on his work than on his real life and bestows on him more similarity to the idealized face of his admirer than is strictly consistent with truth. With all that, it will hardly be more inaccurate than the mental pictures we ourselves make of our personal acquaintances, perhaps even of our intimate friends. Right or wrong, this habitual tendency plays an important part in the assimilation of ideas and without it the world of letters would remain a closed book to us.

I wonder what the impressions of Freud's readers—not as a mass, but taken individually—may be of his personality. The time when I was a reader and nothing else—the period between my first encountering the *Interpretation of Dreams* and the earliest personal contact in the lecture hall—was too short and is now overlaid in my memory with the subsequent memories of thirty-five years. My own approach began from an unusual angle and gave me the access to that side of Freud from which later students of his work are excluded; the experience of the average reader is probably quite unlike mine.

When I ask myself what was my own dominating and lasting impression, the answer is always the same: he was different. This feeling was present from the beginning and during many years of our acquaintance; our comparative intimacy certainly did nothing to diminish it. "I always knew that he was different"—that does not sound lucid or explicit, but attempts to explain an immediate conviction with

the aid of posthumous reasoning never get very far. It will be better to try to give the answer from the negative side and begin by stating that I am not thinking of the sort of superiority produced by special gifts that fall mysteriously from the laps of the gods. I have met quite a number of these privileged persons and with some of them I have been in close contact, such as Carl Spitteler, the Swiss poet, Sergei Eisenstein, the creator of *Potemkin*, and Artur Schnabel, the musician. I cannot say that I never felt envious of their gifts, but neither did I think that, apart from their special abilities, they were figures from another world nor did I hesitate to accept their friendship on equal terms when it was offered.

I met many who excelled in attributes to which I aspired myself with less success: such qualities as originality, correct ratiocination, profundity, perseverance, strength of character, and similar fine traits. I consoled myself by thinking that they were in spite of these achievements made of the same stuff as myself. It was a difference in quantity, not in quality.

Freud was different in quite another way. It is true that his psychological insight was a gift of the gods—as much as music or poetry. But I felt that Freud would have become as different from the average variety of humanity even if he had not turned his back on the physiological laboratory and had never meddled with psychology or psycho-

pathology. I simply could not believe that he was made of the same clay as others. Some special substance had been infused into him and gave the finished product a higher grade of perfection. This meant a gulf between us which I did not try to cross. Although he called me his friend, I did not feel that I was; fundamentally he remained as remote as when I first met him in the lecture hall. I had moments of criticism and rebellion, but there was no time when I did not see this gulf that separated my nature from his.

I have no doubt that Freud too thought of himself as being "not in the roll of common men". He never said anything which could be taken as a hint of his high opinion of himself, nor did he ever modestly disclaim his superiority. I suppose that he accepted it just as any other fact of which the proof has been sufficiently established, in obedience to the "reality principle", no matter if it was welcome tidings or not. When during the Adlerian controversy an opponent began his speech with high praise of Freud's genius, he was cut short by a dry: "I am not vain." (*Ich bin nicht eitel.*)

If he was ready to take on himself the cross of unusualness, he persistently refused to pose for others as the great man, the teacher of wisdom, the mind-reading genius, or the enigmatic personality. To avoid all forms of personal publicity was not easy for a man whose work had struck the world at a sensitive spot, but he succeeded in it without

apparent effort. His indifference to popular acclaim and admiration was as complete as it had been in former days to detraction and slander. In speaking about the sudden popularity of his name, he told me that Oliver Cromwell, when asked: "Are you not proud that so many came to see the chosen of the Lord enter in triumph?" had answered: "Three times as many would have come to see me hanged."

It was so palpably evident that flattery had no chance with him that very little of it was ever offered to him in person. The homage of his disciples was implicit and wordless. At the same time he did not belong to those hypersensitive people who are always concerned about their personal dignity. Several times when he was attacked in an insolent manner, I was a fuming and fretting bystander while he remained unperturbed. In spite of this great urbanity (perhaps the only trait that he owed to Vienna) he refused to gloss over serious differences by smooth words and conciliatory back-slapping. When one or the other of his disciples told him that he had found a method to present psychoanalysis without provoking hostility—Jung, before he turned away from psychoanalysis, being the first—Freud was coldly sceptical. It turned out that the appeasement could not be managed without sacrificing some of the most important parts, and "psychoanalysis without tears" always marked the beginning of the end of consistency.

Freud's dislike of ostentatiousness manifested itself in his manner of speech. He never used a hollow phrase. What he said sounded so simple and in-impressive that its full meaning would escape an un-attentive listener. Sometimes when I walked home from his house and considered our conversation carefully, I found that this or that remark of his, which had seemed quite commonplace, contained in fact something startlingly original. He preferred on other occasions to appear cynical rather than pathetic. For instance, the question was under discussion why the analyst should remain invisible in the analytical situation, sitting behind the patient. After listening to the arguments Freud said abruptly: "I cannot let myself be stared at for eight hours daily" (*Ich kann mich nicht acht Stunden täglich anstarren lassen*). It sounded too simple and a bit coarse. Later experience taught me that it conveyed everything essential. No man who feels himself under constant close observation, and knows that his slightest movement will be utilized as a signal, can give himself over to the "free gliding attention" (*frei schwebende Aufmerksamkeit*) which is needed for the assimilation of unconscious material.

Freud was quite as undemonstrative in emotional situations. I saw him taking leave of his oldest son who, after a short furlough, returned to the front in Russia, by no means a safe place for an artillery officer. After a "good-bye" and a hearty handshake Freud turned to me and continued our conversation.

I had later occasion to observe how much the life and well-being of his children meant to him.

All this—I want to repeat it—was the consequence of Freud's deep-seated aversion to showing off. His nature had not the slightest streak of the histrionic in it. This worked both ways and also ruled out every display of coyness or inclination to make his spiritual stature appear less high than it actually was.

So much about Freud's own attitude. To revert now to my conviction of his being different, or in other words to my belief in his greatness. The basis was, of course, his work. But a secret power in his personality, this specific quality of genius, must have been alive in him long before he began his scientific work and have kept its independent existence. In other words, there was something in him which gave birth to his genius and remained forever its superior.

Leichthin versetzte Artemis: "Was jauchzt ihr bloss?
Sein Werk ist seiner nur ein Teil. Er selbst ist gross."

"Why all this jubilation?" lightly spoke Artemis, the maid,
"His work is only part of him; it's he himself who's great."

CARL SPITTELER, *Olympischer
Frühling*, part III, chapter 5,
"Apollo the Explorer."

How far the man was ahead of his time was brought home to me by a little episode and its big

sequel. It was in the early years of psychoanalysis when Freud, in the course of a group discussion, told this story: "One of my analysands, an extremely intelligent, obsessional neurotic, asked me lately: 'You know, when children get bread and cake, some eat first the bread and some first the cake. What did I eat first?' I answered that he, of course, was one of those who eat first the bread." "How did you know that?" we asked Freud. His reply was a look of surprise. "How could it be otherwise," was all he said, after a pause. To-day every one who has learned the A B C of psychoanalysis knows that obsessional neurosis is the consequence of a fixation on the anal-sadistic stage and also that it is a characteristic anal trait to intensify pleasure by postponement. But in these days Freud's articles on "The Choice of Neuroses" (*Neurosenwahl*) and on "Anal Character Traits" were not yet published, not even formulated in Freud's own mind.

Many other intuitive psychologists—most of whom did not call themselves "psychologists"—had found the truth, led by sheer intuition; but they stopped there, being satisfied by using their gift as it had been bestowed on them. It belongs to a different order of things to go on searching and sifting, comparing the facts and weighing the evidence, until the intuition has been transformed into a scientific theory which is capable of proof and accessible to every one. It needs a personality so free from inhibitions that the flow of intuition can take its un-

foreseen course and yet a personality strong enough to control the flow when it gets in the way of the painstaking, pedestrian task of verification. Only in this way is a balance of power achieved—the indispensable basis for a sustained effort and reliable workmanship.

Consequently Freud was not dazed by the brilliant gift of intuitive understanding of the products of the unconscious which one of his earliest disciples displayed. Of this man, in whom he missed the inclination to verify his interpretations, he said, in intimate conversation, that N. N. should be treated like the pigs whose fine sense of smell is used for finding the truffles, but who are not allowed to touch them with their snouts.

This is not the place to speculate about the nature of originality. Instead of that I will try to give the result of observations for which I had exceptional opportunities. These attempts to clarify my impressions of Freud are not new, they have been with me for many years, almost from the beginning of my personal contact with him. All the time he was the most important figure in my life and it became a constant preoccupation of mine to shape and reshape his picture in my mind until I felt reasonably satisfied that my portrait was as close to the reality as I could get. It would be too much to pretend that nothing escaped my attention or that no dark and impenetrable spots eluded my understanding; anyway I am sure that I succeeded in finding and

formulating some of the fundamentals of his personality.

Taking the objective side of scientific research and discovery for granted, a wide margin for subjective elements, even in "pure" science, has still to be accounted for. How did it happen that one person's attention was arrested by a problem which others had passed by without heeding? Evidently it was because he was in some obscure way predisposed for this special interest. In psychology the origin of this sort of predisposition is easier to find than anywhere else: the unconscious, the universal source of will from which all great energies of the mind issue forth, must have been stirred and attracted. This stirring is experienced now and then by all minds; but those who are highest above the ordinary and are least commonplace experience it more intensely than others. There is a sort of predestination at work in building our theories as well as our lives which we carry within us without knowing it.

Im Innern ist ein Universum auch;
Daher der Völker löblicher Gebrauch
Dass jeglicher, das Beste was er kennt,
Er Gott, ja seinen Gott benennt,
Ihm Himmel und Erden übergiebt,
Ihn fürchtet, und womöglich liebt.

A Universe also is within;
Therefore all nations are in that akin
That every man what seemed to him the best

As God or even as his God addressed,
Heaven and earth to hand him over strove
Whom he felt bound to fear and tried to love.

GOETHE, *Sprüche in Reimen*.

This centre in Freud's thoughts, toward which every road and bypath turned, was the dualistic concept—first of the mind, then of life, and ultimately of the Universe. (I prefer the term "dualism" to "dialectics" which has become the special playground of the Hegel-Marx school of philosophy; the modern—if it is still in vogue—"dichotomy" sounds too technical.) He saw everywhere around him the struggle of two opposing forces and used this as a key to the solution of a number of puzzling problems: "The first difference between Breuer and myself appeared in a question of the more intimate mechanism of hysteria. He preferred a still quasi-physiological theory. . . . I understood the psychic cleavage itself as the result of a process of repulsion which I called then defence, later 'repression'." This passage describes, in the characteristically subdued manner in which Freud used to speak of his own exploits, nothing less than the birth of psychoanalysis. After the dualistic-dynamic point of view had been introduced and applied, in the face of all difficulties, the theory of "hypnoid states" became meaningless. The turning point was reached and the road opened toward the discovery of the unconscious and the beginning of a new psychology.

The term "defense", which had been used while

the dualistic concept was still dim and tentative, was soon changed into "repression" as more indicative of an active struggle between two opposing forces. This word has stayed in the front row of psychoanalytic terminology.

The inner history of the development of psychoanalytic theory (which has nothing at all in common with the external history of the psychoanalytic movement) is the story of the broadening and deepening of this dualistic-dynamic concept. Starting with the conflict between certain psychic tendencies, Freud finally saw in every manifestation of organic life the result of the unending conflict between the life-instinct, with its spectacular triumphs, and the death-instinct, with its silent and invisible, yet irresistible force—the struggle between Eros and Thanatos.

The complicated and at times devious path of this development is a direct consequence of the dualism in Freud's scientific attitude. He never rested on his laurels; his insatiable thirst for new insight drew him constantly toward new problems and new discoveries. He was the pioneer in every new field, into which psychoanalytic exploration penetrated, in psychology and psychopathology as well as in all applied sciences—anthropology, biology, aesthetics—he was everywhere the first, always far ahead of all other psychoanalysts. Yet all the time he held tenaciously to the point from which he had started; he never lost sight of it and

returned faithfully from every new exploit. While making all the world the stage for the contest between Eros and Thanatos, Freud never budged from his first position and kept his steadfast attention fixed on the psychic conflicts within the individual. He saw in them the special form under which the general rule appeared. How the two arch-antagonists met and measured their strength on the battlefield of the human mind, the tactics they developed and the tricks they used under these particular conditions remained for him, from beginning to end, the central problem.

Speaking of Freud's fundamental dualism, the old stigmatization of the "pan-sexualism" of psychoanalysis (now outmoded) deserves at least passing mention. If this term had any meaning, it would be the full denial of dualism, the absolute and despotic sway of the power of sex without restriction or infringement. As the term "repression" shows Freud laid stress from the beginning on the fact that some opposing force must exist from which the repressing tendencies issue. The study of the mainsprings of repression had to be postponed during the first phase of psychoanalysis, but their existence was never forgotten or obscured. The concepts of "pan-sexualism" and the Oedipus complex (incest-barrier, tabu, super-ego) are incompatible.

Nevertheless, the belief that Freud advocated unrestricted sexual licentiousness as the remedy for or sole preventive of neurosis still survives. Some

people seem to be congenitally unable to grasp the distinction between keeping their urges under control—and just for that purpose studying them very closely and accurately—and the fanatical endeavour to deny their existence in the vain hope to escape ostrich-wise from their insistence. Freud's way of living which showed no trace of "pan-sexualism" was therefore disappointing for the sensation-hunters who had hoped to find in his life all the wildness that they did not like to see in their own mind.

A consequence of Freud's dualism was—as it always will happen—that either the one or the other side was seen exclusively and approved or rejected according to the personal bias of the critic. One party saw Freud as the exponent of the revolutionary—or, seen from another side, reactionary—tendency of the twentieth century which, between two wars, worshipped the pre-rational, mystic, and creative powers and disdained reason, rule, and order as marks of inferiority. To them the unconscious was "chaos, son of night", and they acclaimed the doctrine that placed it on the throne of the world. It is perfectly true that Freud was the first who had given to the chaotic element in our psyche, after it had been dimly divined by so many philosophers, poets, and prophets before him, "a local habitation and a name". He had found out a thing or two about its nature and origin and had demonstrated some of the ways in which it influences the

psychic processes. He recognized it as the source of every creative act, but it must not be overlooked that the chaos, left to itself, would always remain chaos and that the dominating, sublimating, controlling power of the ego has the right to be considered as the primary product and the necessary agent of our psychic evolution. "The development of the Ego progresses from the recognition of the instincts to their domination, from obedience to them to their inhibition. The Super-Ego, being partly reaction-formation against the instinctual processes in the Id, participates greatly in this achievement. *Psychoanalysis is the instrument destined for the progressive conquest of the Id.*" (*The Ego and the Id*, Chapter V.)

The other side saw Freud as the direct descendant of the rationalistic epoch, inaugurated by the encyclopædists of the eighteenth century or—worse still—as a representative of the nineteenth-century era which held the belief in progress so near to its heart. Freud's scientific method is strictly rational, or it would not deserve to be called scientific. It leaves no more room than necessary for intuition and none at all for supernatural agencies; it tries to investigate them and to explain their origin, which cannot be done while kneeling before them and adoring their mystic and superhuman powers. But when he used the candle of reason, because it gives the only flicker of light we have, he never forgot the existence of the vast universe that remains in the dark.

He listened with assiduous attention to what he called "the vast world-melody of instincts" and protested against the constantly renewed attempt "to hear nothing but a few overtones". He was not dazzled by the illusion of the progress of civilization toward a goal of universal felicity. His *Civilization and Its Discontent* reveals unmercifully how everything that starts on the way to progress must sooner or later end in a vicious circle: The constant drain on the erotic drives and the deflection of the aggressive tendencies, both necessary to maintain and enlarge the domain of civilization, cause a growing discontent with it and its final breakdown. Civilization, present within ourselves in the guise of the super-ego, threatens to eat its own children.

For this reason he was sceptical about the promises of communism. When a prominent Bolshevik told him that Lenin, who had been his personal friend, had predicted that Europe would have to go through a period of desolation much worse than that caused by the revolution, the civil war and famine in Russia, but that after that a period of unbroken happiness and stability would follow, Freud answered: "Let's make it fifty-fifty. I will accept the first half."

Even in psychoanalysis, "the instrument destined for the conquest of the id", he found the dark and ominous side not missing: "I had moreover to go through the experience that psychoanalysis brings forth the worst in human nature" (*und hatte überdies*

zu erfahren, dass die Psychoanalyse das Schlechteste eines jeden Menschen zum Vorschein bringt; Zur Geschichte der psychoanalytischen Bewegung, II).

To give Freud's teaching its due, both sides of his world must be kept in view at the same time. No act of one of the opposing forces can be understood without the other. To hold the balance between them is a difficult task; it means knowing the powers of chaos and not being overawed by them; it means listening to the voice of reason without too much confidence in its omniscience. Yet, this is the only way to become the heir to Freud's wisdom which is more precious than his discoveries.

“Was Du ererbt von Deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.”

“What you inherited from your forefathers
You have to earn if you are to possess it.”
Goethe, *Faust*, part 1

It must be admitted candidly that the outstanding winner of this prize is not one of Freud's disciples, not a psychoanalyst at all, not a scientist in any way, but the writer Thomas Mann.

Another of the basic qualities of Freud's character stands before my mind in full clarity, but it is difficult to find the right name for it. Intellectual independence, one of his predominant traits, is a consequence of it, but not the thing itself. It has to do with obstinacy and is not far removed from a

certain form of severity. Perhaps it is best expressed in the simplest words: the determination not to be fooled at any price, neither by others nor by oneself. The steely firmness of this determination, its absolute sway, the willingness to put it before every other obligation account for the secondary features by which I have tried to approach it.

A close and continued observation of character traits by an analyst who is trained to see things from the genetic point of view will regularly end in a speculation about their origin. So it happened with me and I will present the result of these speculations. It may serve as an indirect form of description, since it brings with it some illustrative instances.

This hypothesis is a strictly individual affair, derived from what I found in his books—most of all in *The Interpretation of Dreams* which comes nearest to a confession of strictly personal matters, much nearer than the *Selbstdarstellung*; these fragments I have combined and compared with my personal impressions and with some stray remark of his. I never thought of asking him for confirmation.

The personal content of *The Interpretation of Dreams* consists of Freud's own dreams; he was obliged to use them since no other material of analyzed dreams of a non-neurotic person was accessible, but he was reluctant about these intimate disclosures and made them only in fractions, not more than was absolutely necessary for his purpose.

All the same, the main content of his dreams appears to be part of a continuous debate or rather a one-sided passionate pleading with his father (who died in 1896, about the time when Freud started writing this book). This, by the way, is the typical, almost universal reaction of the son to the death of the father. In this debate all sorts of arguments are used and all sorts of affects released: love and revolt, aggression and defense, triumph and self-abasement. Freud's deep and unfeigned love, the sorrow caused by the loss of his father are much in evidence, but the discoverer of the Oedipus complex has not suppressed the other, less welcome aspect: "My father remarked in the lecture he gave me: 'The boy will never amount to anything.' It must have been a terrific mortification to my ambition, for allusions to this scene recur constantly in my dreams and they are regularly combined with an enumeration of my exploits and successes, as if to say: 'You see, I do amount to something.' " This scene—certainly representative of a whole series—happened when Freud was seven or eight years old.

Freud's father—like practically every Jew in the first half of the nineteenth century—made a living for himself and his family by trade, but he seems to have lacked the proverbial ability of the Jew in business matters. He remained poor and lived with his family in a dreary quarter of the city (Leopoldstadt) which was mostly inhabited by Jews of the lower middle class. He was perfectly willing to help

his son, who had shown early proof of an unusually keen intellect, but his circumstances kept his liberality within narrow limits. When the young student found in Brücke's laboratory the science to which he wanted to devote his life, he was obliged to resign himself. In spite of the brilliant promise he had given he saw the door to a scientific career closed. Since his father was too poor to support him, he had to make a living as soon as possible and could not wait for one of the few salaried posts. In *The Interpretation of Dreams* slight hints can be found of Freud's disappointment that he did not have a more powerful and successful father. In this connection another childhood reminiscence is of special interest: "I was around ten or twelve years old when my father began to let me accompany him on his promenades and to lay open before me in our conversation his opinion about the affairs of this world. With the intention of showing me how much improved were the times in which I was born, he told me on one of these occasions: Once, when I was young, I went for a walk in your birthplace; I was well dressed with a new fur-cap on my head. A Gentile steps in my way, strikes with one hit my cap into the dirt and calls out: Jew, get off the side walk.—And what did you do?—I stepped into the middle of the street and picked up my cap, was the quiet answer. *That didn't impress me as sufficiently heroic for the great and strong man who led me by the hand.*" (*Gesammtausgabe*, Bd. III, pages 197–8.)

Freud touched the same sensitive spot less cautiously in an article written in 1936 ("A disturbance of memory at the Acropolis"). "To travel so far, to get so well on in life—seemed to me then beyond all possibilities. This was a consequence of the narrowness and poverty of our circumstances during my youth. . . . This has to do with the child's criticism of the father, with the under-valuation which took the place of the overvaluation of early childhood."

This describes the main features of Freud's ambivalent attitude in his childhood toward his father: "You are not so strong as I believed. Your predictions will not come true and I will be able to prove it." The solution of this conflict between the revengeful and severely critical attitude on one side and the love and reverence at the other became a cornerstone of Freud's personality. The love—especially when it was intensified by the loss and the mourning over it—remained fixated on the original person. The individuals selected as "replacements", the substitute figures of later life, represent mostly the (older) nephew and playfellow, not the father. The negative aspect when it returned from the repression was divorced from personal animosities and sublimated into a wide and comprehensive type of rejection, directed against every attempt at settling a question by appeal to an authority. In this indirect way the repressed aggression against the father was released and gave sharpness, severity, and obstinacy to his resolution that he would never

again play the part of the trusting child. It can hardly be called an accident but has to be ascribed to destiny—which is only another word for the way a life is formed by the unconscious—that Freud finally was led into the same position in which he had been as a child. Not the father, but all the contemporary authorities said for many years, when he started psychoanalysis: "This boy will never amount to anything," and in the end he succeeded in proving them to be false prophets.

He absolutely refused to accept any statement on the strength of a higher authority. He had no patience with those who did such a thing out of intellectual laziness or cowardice or because they wanted to have it settled with the least discomfort. In the lofty postulate that every scientific affirmation must be absolutely foolproof and guaranteed free from error, he saw an obsessional reaction to distrust and doubt and a lack of self-reliance. Nor was he more favourably impressed by the opposite extreme, the scientific scepticism that sneers at all efforts to unveil the truth: "They are all bound to remain uncertain and therefore one is as good as the other."

His strong conviction was that neither the aspiration to arrive at absolute truth nor the realization of the relative value of all attainable knowledge ought to interfere with the work and zeal of the true scientist. What mattered was to come as near to the truth as possible, to make no concession to prejudice,

tradition, authority or to one's own wishes and weaknesses. It made no difference that the approach was trifling compared with the long way ahead. The results of every science remain open to doubt in a greater or lesser degree, according to its stage of development and its peculiar methods. A scientist—that is, an independent thinker—must be aware of these limitations and, after strict and repeated scrutiny, must stand by his own judgment without waiting for authorization by full and absolute proof. One of Freud's favourite sayings was: "Man muss ein Stück Unsicherheit ertragen können" (One must learn to bear some portion of uncertainty).

This brings to the foreground one outstanding quality: pride. I believe that it was a strong force in Freud's life. Not a pride in externals, still less anything akin to arrogance, but the inner pride, based on the independence of his mind and on his courage to explore new and dangerous regions. Coupled with his boundless energy, this pride demanded an endless stream of new facts and theories, and a restless search for discoveries.

At first his voraciousness was satisfied with the study of external facts. The current of scientific interest in the middle of the nineteenth century swept the young student in the direction of physiological and biological research. His first inquiries concerned the structure and functions of the nervous system. If the practical necessity, and the advice of a revered teacher (Prof. Brücke), had not caused

him to give them up, would he have stayed within the confines of his laboratory work for the rest of his life? He would certainly have become a great physiologist—his early researches give sufficient evidence—but would that have been all? It seems more likely that he would have arrived at the same ultimate destination, although going a different way and getting in at the opposite entrance. *Beyond the Pleasure-Principle* and the following books show that the texture of his thoughts was made up of a psychological warp and a biological woof.

The pride that he took in his moral courage and independence would have drawn him anyway into this most heroical of all adventures: to free himself from the inhibitions and illusions that bind the rest of mankind and to look at the facts from which untold generations have turned away their scared eyes. His pride would have revolted sooner or later against the least trace of uncleanness and dishonesty in his mind and endeavoured to get rid of it by finding its hidden motivation.

This magnificent pride explains—to me at least—what seemed otherwise a glaring contradiction: he was kind without softness, benevolent yet not compassionate.

Having hardened himself like a lancet of finest steel he had little sympathy for those who were weak and cringing. Early in our acquaintance when I made a rather bold request of him, he said: "I appreciate it that you speak up and ask for what

you want in a straightforward manner." He was disdainful of people who lived by half measures. Looking back after a resolution had been made, or letting the hand drop from the plough, seemed to him inadmissible, almost incomprehensible. I saw him when the news came that someone with whom he had been on friendly terms for years had committed suicide. I found him strangely unmoved by such a tragic event. Suicide meant to him—except in certain extreme cases—the shirking of a task, an attempt to escape in the midst of action; he felt it so strongly that his humanity was balanced by contempt. He was willing to give his affection unsparingly where he thought it well bestowed, but not to offer the alms of sentimentality.

For many years Rank had been Freud's trusted assistant, collaborator, disciple, and friend, bound to him by the strongest ties of allegiance, gratitude, and communion of thought. Freud appreciated highly his restless energy and sharp intelligence; he had done everything in his power to make Rank's way through life smooth and to bestow on him a leading part in the psychoanalytic movement. Then came the time when Rank broke away from psychoanalysis, doing it not with a clear-cut decision, but alternately renouncing practically all his former opinions and then again half-heartedly turning back to them. Yet, when after many ups and downs the final rupture came, Freud did not show the soft

regret that I felt at the loss of an old friend. He said sternly: "Wenn man jemandem alles verziehen hat, ist man fertig mit ihm" (Now, after I have forgiven everything, I am through with him).

Independence, courage, and pride were the hall-marks of his character, and out of these three great powers he formed his answer to the "Why" which has stood as a challenge and often as a tormentor before the human mind since the first dawn of reason. "And a fool waits for answer" says Heine in his poem of the youth who hurls this question at the universe. Neither religion, nor philosophy, nor science, nor Heine's cynicism (not quite genuine) has ever been able to get rid of the Why. Why are we here and why must we pass away? Or: What is the purpose of life? If happiness is the purpose, why can't we find it? Why not give in and disappear when we are convinced that happiness does not exist, either on earth or beyond the grave?

Freud's answer was not that happiness can be caught by any of the techniques used by mankind. He examined them and found them all wanting. Nor did he think that the meaning of life lies in its devotion to the love of mankind in general. "My love," he writes, "is to me something so precious that I cannot throw it away without responsibility" (*Civilization and its Discontent*, chap. v). His answer was still less dictated by rosy optimism, by the hope that science and progress will remove all obstacles to the happiness of man, "the prosthesis-god". He

had recognized that the destruction-impulse was inherent in every form of civilization, that no effort of Eros could eliminate the death-instinct. What made him toil to the end of his days, amid illness, suffering, and exhaustion, in the very shadow of death, when he had no hope of a reward, either for himself or for those he loved?

He took life as a task that had been set, as a duty imposed on every one of us by the past of which we are the product. This inheritance is always with us in the form of our super-ego, invisible, intangible, and yet the most indubitable reality that shapes our life.

Wir Toten, wir Toten sind grössere Heere
Als ihr auf der Erde, als ihr auf dem Meere!

Und was wir als gültige Sätze gefunden
D'ran bleibt aller irdische Wandel gebunden.

Far bigger hosts the dead are we
Than you on the earth, than you on the sea!

And all your steps on earth are bound
By the truths and the rules that we have found.—

sings Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's *Choir of the Dead*. We have no choice. We cannot reject our inheritance and return to animalism. Bargaining, trying to beat down the demands of the super-ego would be a sign of meanness which his pride condemned.

It is as if Freud walked intuitively and unknowingly in the footsteps of his ancestors, and followed

one of the oldest Jewish traditions: this is the belief that all Jews, born and unborn alike, were present on Mount Sinai and have there taken on themselves "the yoke of the Law". If we set this pious idea free from the narrowness of creed and nationality, it becomes identical with his answer to the problem of life.

The Jews have cultivated a habit of expressing their most serious thoughts—and even their bitterest grievances and their sharpest self-criticisms—by way of jokes. This custom has often been misunderstood and has brought much unjust blame on their heads, but it has produced a series of the profoundest funny stories which the world has seen. Nobody loved them more and appreciated them better than Freud, as his book *Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unbewussten* shows. I am in this respect too much of his kin to suppress the joke which gives in its humorous way the same answer.

A Jewish coachman whips his horse mercilessly. Cruelty to animals is not a Jewish trait and the Jews who stand by entreat him to spare the poor beast; but he answers coolly: "Since he has undertaken to be a horse, he must run" (*As es sich hat unternommen zu seyn a Ferd, müß es leyfen*).

Since we have taken it upon ourselves to be men. . .

CHAPTER VIII

The Seven Rings

EVERY collection of Greco-Roman art includes some engraved semi-precious stones displaying the art and admirable workmanship of those times. Freud possessed several gems of this kind; and since he loved to have some relic of antique beauty about him, he had one of them set in a ring which he always wore. It evidently had been fashioned for this purpose, and its use as seal went back to the days of old Rome. The figure on it was a delicately carved bearded head—I think a Jupiter—and Freud never tired of examining every detail by look and touch. Later he gave similar stones to some of his disciples as a mark of his special friendship and regard. In these days it was a limited group of intimates who received this distinction, consisting of Abraham, Eitingon, Ferenczi, Jones, Rank, and myself. The devotion to psychoanalysis, as our predominating common interest, the frequent exchange of opinions and ideas, and the co-operation in building up an organized psychoanalytic movement had already done a good deal to bring us close together. The gift of the rings had a certain symbolical significance; it reminded us that our mutual relations had the same centre of gravity. It made us feel that we belonged to a group within

the group although without any formal ties or the attempt to become a separate organization.

Freud changed this state of things during the Convention (Congress) at the Hague, Holland, in 1920, which in more than one way marked the beginning of a new era for the psychoanalytic movement. It was significant that the analysts were the first scientific organization to resume international collaboration after the war. When the restrictions which the war had imposed on the free exchange of ideas had been removed, it became manifest that the latency-period was over. Although the overwhelming majority of doctors and psychiatrists were still hesitant or even hostile, a number of scientists of high standing and some of the most famous men of letters in the new post-war world had spoken about psychoanalysis with profound respect and admiration so that it became impossible to use the ridicule of former times. In Budapest and Berlin psychoanalytic institutes had been founded, in Vienna and London parallel plans were progressing. We learned for the first time of the growing interest in psychoanalysis in America. On the other hand Freud, being endowed with a wider vision and a more sceptical mind when it came to questions of popularity, saw new dangers ahead. The post-war world seemed eager for everything that was opposed to pre-war standards. The germs of a moral revolution demanded a new ideology, or at least a new rationalization, and psychoanalysis,

with a little trimming here and there, seemed predestined for this role. Freud, however, did not reciprocate this enthusiasm which intended to make him the gonfalonier of the march toward a new and better order. He refused to co-operate in making psychoanalysis the instrument for any other purpose than the study and the best possible understanding of the human mind. He knew too well that those who now sang "Hosannah" with the loudest voice would be the first to cry "crucify" as soon as the trends of the time changed.

Most of our little group had been separated from each other, first by the war, then by the high barriers of the new frontiers and by the broken-down communications. During the last two years of the war I alone had stayed with Freud in Vienna; Rank was in Cracow, doing military service of some sort, Ferenczi and Eitingon were doctors in the Austrian-Hungarian army. Abraham did his duty as a doctor in the German army in Allenstein, East-Prussia. At the Congress in Budapest (Autumn, 1918) on the morning before the proceedings began, I had coughed up quite a lot of blood—a consequence of starvation during the last years of the war. This was the end of the period in which I had the best opportunity for personal intimacy with Freud. I had been closeted many long evenings alone with him, but this time I did not make the best use of it. My excuse is that I was weak, undernourished, and suffering from the rapid progress

made by the tuberculosis. Under these circumstances it was not easy to concentrate and follow Freud's ideas or contribute anything original to the discussion while we were sitting in the unheated study in our overcoats and gloves, with our hats on our heads, suffering from the emptiness of our stomachs and frostbites on bare hands—as we often did in Vienna in 1917–18. No wonder I could not keep up with Freud's undiminished vigour. On armistice day—not without some adventures—I had travelled to Switzerland to cure my tuberculosis where I stayed first in Davos, then in Basel and Zurich, for nearly two years. Rank visited me there in the Spring of 1919 and we were soon joined by Ernest Jones from whom the war had separated the rest of us entirely. He and I resumed our contact without difficulty exactly where we had left off five years ago, in May, 1914, when I had been his guest in London.

It had been arranged in the months preceding the Convention of 1920 that I should leave Switzerland and go, not back to Vienna, but to Berlin where Abraham and Eitingon, together with Simmel, had founded a Psychoanalytic Institute and Clinic. As it turned out I worked there for twelve years as teacher and training analyst.

When I think back over my career I remember one of those Jewish stories which contain the essential sadness of life (*Sunt lacrimae rerum*) disguised as humour and irony—a story that I heard first

from Freud long before it became adaptable to my case. The story is this: A very poor youth is befriended by a rich and influential man. The benefactor gives his protégé a letter of recommendation to the Jewish community of a small town—let us call it Rzezow—where the post of schammes (the Jewish version of verger) has become vacant. The job is miserably paid, but it protects at least against downright starvation and therefore the young man is extremely eager to get it. All seems to go well until it turns out that the applicant can neither read nor write. Since the post involves some clerical work and official correspondence he is turned down. He comes home deeply despondent and his protector, out of compassion for his disappointment, lends him a small sum of money so that he can start making a living as a pedlar. He shows excellent business sense and accumulates some capital. When oil is found in the parts of the country where he does his business he enters the oil game and in a few years the pedlar has become the owner of a big oil firm. His progress cumulates in a transaction by which he is to become the chief executive of a big concern. The president of the bank which has managed and financed the deal arranges a sort of celebration; the new chief is asked to read aloud and sign the agreement. When he hears this, he draws the president aside and asks him to drop this part. Pressed for his reason, he finally admits that he can neither read nor write.

"What," cries the president, "a man of your financial acumen, illiterate! What would have been your career without such a handicap!" "I can tell you about that," comes the reply. "I would be schammes in Rzezow."

This is exactly my case. If I had followed the career which was outlined for me and had, like my father and my uncles, studied the law diligently and conscientiously, my lot would have been undernourishment and death by tuberculosis or in a concentration camp.

At the Hague in September, 1920, Freud called the six of us together and unfolded a plan to us which he had elaborated in detail. Henceforward we would form a co-ordinated, but strictly anonymous, group. The future of psychoanalysis should not be left to chance nor exposed to partisanship or personal ambition. It would be our duty to direct the ever widening movement by joining together and acting according to preconcerted plans. We ought to use for these ends our personal influence and our solidarity, but not rely on the authority given by office and title. To enable us to do our work unmolested, the fact of our organization had to be kept secret. Our circle was to be considered as completed, once for all, without further co-operation by other members.

Freud used hardly as many words as these. The purpose for which this association was planned had been discussed between us so often that no long



The Seven Rings
Rank, Abrahams, Eitingon, Jones
Freud, Ferenczi, Sachs

explanation was needed. But we had been quite ignorant of the way in which it could be realized and about that Freud was more explicit.

Since we lived in four different places (Freud and Rank in Vienna, Abraham, Eitingon, and myself in Berlin, Ferenczi in Budapest, Jones in London), we were to correspond at stated, not too long, intervals by circulating letters so that every member of the group would write and have the opportunity to read what had been written by all others. These letters were to include everything pertaining to our common interest: Reports about what was going on in the local organizations and other events concerning the development of psychoanalysis; questions, comments, advice, discussion designed to clarify the current problems and to trace a general line for our policy; presentation and debate of new scientific ideas, and, finally, personal matters, plans and projects, wishes and grievances. At each convention we would meet and remain together a few days after the end of the meeting. When necessary a meeting of all or some of the group should be arranged between conventions (which took place every second year).

All of us accepted the plan with enthusiasm. It gave to a practical, common-sense arrangement the spice of a schoolboys' secret society—just enough of it to make it attractive without becoming ridiculous. We went at it with a will and it worked very satisfactorily for five years. The psychoanalytic move-

ment was benefitted by our association, for these years, 1920-25, were the period of greatest peace and progress in its history. Internal frictions of a personal nature were the first symptoms of disruption. Then Rank surprised us by the publication of his discovery that all neurotic symptoms and much else was due to the Birth Trauma. The others, except Ferenczi, sharply criticized the book, its methods and theories. Freud tried for a while to mediate, but with little success since the gulf between Rank's new opinions and the psychoanalytic theory became more and more evident. Freud himself had at this time just undergone the first, incomplete operation and did not expect to live more than a year. Then came Rank's change of domicile from Vienna to Paris and—as the final catastrophe—Abraham's death which broke the best link of our chain. Those who remained tried for a while to keep the correspondence going, but in vain; our alliance had lost its vitality.

While it flourished one of the best results was a trip on which we went together after the convention in Berlin, 1922, to the Harz, the hill-country of North-Western Germany. Before we started on our little walking tour, we stayed a day or two in Hildesheim. This little town has two famous churches, one in Gothic, the other in Romanesque, style, and a number of richly decorated mansions of the German renaissance period; a small, but distinguished, Egyptian museum was

an added attraction for Freud. A citizen of Hildesheim, Pelizaeus by name, who had collected these treasures in Egypt, had bequeathed them to his home town. The two rooms of the museum contained some rare pieces which could not be seen elsewhere.

Freud was deeply interested. I have forgotten the technical details of his discussion with the custodian, but remember that the young Egyptologist demonstrated some relics of the oldest, most primitive mode of burial. The corpses, so he told us, were placed in a crouching position, quite resembling that of the embryo in the womb, but this could be only an accidental resemblance since these early Egyptians hardly had enough medical knowledge to be acquainted with the prenatal posture. Freud reminded him that much more primitive tribes had gained this information from animals; the Egyptians who from the beginning had a passion for evisceration, were certainly not slow in making this discovery. Freud touched only lightly on the psychoanalytic aspect: the symbolic equations of Earth and Mother, of Death and Re-birth.

A diminutive episode took place there which became of great consequence to me. I told Freud how much more the interior of the Romanesque church of St. Martin (eleventh century) impressed me than the Gothic cathedral. He said promptly: "Then you ought to go to Ravenna." I followed his

advice at the next opportunity and gained the revelation of a kind of beauty of which I had had no idea. This disclosure gave a strong impetus and a new direction to my research on aesthetic problems.

From Hildesheim we proceeded to the Harz and had a glorious time in the clear light and bracing air of those autumn days, rambling through the pinewoods along the streams and cliffs and climbing the highest peak, the Brocken, famous as the place where in the good old times the German witches held their dance on the first night in May.

All this—sightseeing, mountain climbing, and hearty eating—was pleasant byplay to our main business. This consisted in discussing new theories or experiences of which every member of the circle had held some in readiness for this occasion. We exchanged views and criticized each other. Nearly all of these papers were interesting, and the discussion often amusing. Freud, setting the example, stimulated us by the communication of his new and strikingly original ideas on the nature of paranoiac delusions. Surrounded by his intimates he felt free from the risk of being misunderstood and spoke without reserve, in the manner natural to him, in sharply pointed words, every sentence significant, and richly interspersed with humorous or paradoxical remarks.

Whoever “read” a paper did not read. Freud always insisted on that, no matter if the audience was large or small, the occasion ceremonious or

informal. At the meetings in Vienna he stopped every lecturer who made use of a manuscript in front of him for more than cursory glances to refresh his memory. He said often that a man who reads a paper word for word is like a host who invites a friend for an automobile trip and then gets into the car and lets the guest run along behind. The truth of this I can confirm from numerous observations and experiences. In talking the thoughts are each time newly created by the effort to find the expressions which suit the present situation best and this process gets lost when the speech is reproduced mechanically. The assistance in this creative act holds the attention of every member of the audience; he is compelled to identify himself with the speaker, to share his troubles and vicissitudes and—eventually—to emerge with him victorious. A man who reads facing his manuscript and not the audience is miles away from them, and those who are not particularly interested will soon accept his droning or his declamation as accompaniment for their daydreams. "When the mill stops, the miller wakes"—and the audience applauds what they think they have listened to.

In our small circle the talk flowed easily since we had always more matter for discussion than we could manage in these few days. For good measure we visited Goslar, a piece of medieval Germany, and Halberstadt, famous for her cathedral and her bad coffee, but only the latter exceeded our

expectations. Then we said goodbye to each other and went to our respective homes.

Freud's personal direction of the group in Vienna, his presence at the biennial Convention of the I.P.V. (*Internationale Psychoanalytische Vereinigung*), and with that our excursions and discussions came to a sudden end with the ominous appearance of his disease—a malign growth (carcinoma) inside the mouth. With this dreadful spectre hovering over us, all former common activities were darkened, all our mutual relations and their values underwent a change. It seemed inconceivable to speak with ease and complacency with a man who looked into the eyes of death, yet his strength of mind made it possible. Although without illusion about the approaching end, he was not in the least intimidated by it. His mental energy, his intense interest in his work, and his zest for new knowledge remained absolutely unimpaired. The hours which I spent with him, listening or chatting, were the occasions when I was most apt to forget his destiny. He kept up this courageous attitude for more than ten years of severe suffering, without weakening, until the last moment.

Until the outbreak of the fatal disease his vigorous vitality had been undimmed by age although he approached his seventieth year. The hope for a ripe old age, attained in good health and strength of body and mind, was not unjustified. His mother had borne him, her eldest son, before she was

twenty; she was still alive to see his seventieth birthday. She reached the remarkable age of ninety-three years. Until about a year before her death she was hale and hearty, and full of energy. At her ninetieth birthday she was the object of great ovations at Ischl, a summer resort in the Austrian Alps which she had visited regularly for more than thirty years. She was serenaded by the town band, the mayor and corporation presented her with the freedom of the town and countless visitors came bringing gifts and congratulations. In the evening her granddaughter said: "You must be terribly tired, granny." "Why?" asked the astonished lady, "I have not done a stroke of work all day."

On the evening before his seventieth birthday Freud went to see her and receive her congratulations, so that she should not have to come the long way from the suburb where she lived to his house. Next morning the first visitor who rang the bell was his mother.

Her eager vitality—she was then nearly ninety—made us often smile, but it became a bitter smile, when we knew that her son's old age would not be like hers, and the shadow of his illness, even when its progress seemed to be arrested for a time, was hanging heavily over us. In regard to the birthday celebrations, I knew how little Freud valued what Spitteler had called—"Calendar-Sentimentalities"—gushing wishes produced by a certain calendar

date and often only for this day. Once, in happier years, when I had gone for a trip at the time of his birthday (6th May) he had told me expressly that I should not send a congratulation. I wired all the same: "Verbotene Glückwünsche sind die herzlichsten" (Forbidden congratulations are the most cordial ones)—and was forgiven with a smile.

On this occasion, Freud's seventieth birthday, the remnant of the "seven-ring group"—Eitingon, Ferenczi, Jones, and myself—met in Vienna and went in a body to see him, not only to congratulate him, but also to transact some important business. In the evening a special meeting of the Vienna psychoanalytic group took place. It must have been one of the last at which Freud was present. He began his speech with the words: "Many among you have sent me birthday gifts and I want to thank them here. Others have preferred to give me no presents. I understand their feeling and I thank them no less." I remember these words so well because I belonged to the second group.

Shortly before his seventieth birthday I had an opportunity to see in a flash the depth of Freud's feeling laid bare before my eyes. I could then better understand why he had no use for artificiality. It so happened that I came to Vienna a few months after Karl Abraham's death. On one of my visits to Freud's house several people were present and he and I were standing in a corner of the room discussing the affairs of Berlin. In the midst of our

talk, Freud asked casually: "And how is Abraham?" Then noticing my astonishment, he looked at me with an expression in his eyes which made my heart tremble and murmured: "Ich kann es noch immer nicht glauben" (I still can not believe it) and turned away.

The seventy-fifth birthday brought not only congratulations but also celebrations and acclamations. The impression it left on me was a depressing one. The more the name of Freud was honoured and the greater grew the number of those who wanted to express their reverence and admiration, the wider became the gulf between these loud glorifications and the suffering, withdrawn old man who, in his seclusion, continued his work with austere determination while he saw death creep relentlessly nearer. It was known that Freud was fond of orchids, and orchids of all colours and description came by the cartload. The modest conservatory where Frau Professor Freud in the course of many years and with indefatigable diligence had succeeded in growing a few choice flowers was crowded on every shelf with orchids which overflowed into the living room and dining room. The beauty of the single flower became as insignificant as a daisy in a spring meadow. I do not believe that Freud himself paid much attention to them and two or three days afterwards they were to be found in the dustbin—a fitting symbol of fame that comes late, extravagant and indiscriminate.

The world became "Freud-conscious". Whatever I read, be it a philosophical tome or a pulp magazine, I found a mention of his name; I heard it as frequently at scientific meetings as on the vaudeville stage. The best and foremost of contemporaries sought to make his personal acquaintance: Einstein, Thomas Mann, and Romain Rolland among them. In Lou Andrea-Salomé, the friend of Friedrich Nietzsche and Rainer Maria Rilke, and later in Marie Bonaparte, Princess of Greece, he found disciples who combined feminine intuition with the gift of clear and independent thought. But in spite of all that, these were the years of loneliness and growing isolation.

The first, superficial operation, performed by a former fellow-student of Freud, Professor Hajek, had done nothing to stop the malignant growth. The best experts were called in and decided on a radical operation. A part of the jawbone had to be removed; eating and talking was made possible by a prosthesis. Professor Pichler, a famous specialist in Vienna, took over the treatment and prolonged Freud's life for a number of years. I know his professional skill only by his reputation, but I heard Freud himself and his family gratefully praise his unvarying diligence, attention, and devotion. Since the surface of the scar left by the operation in the mucous membrane of the mouth was constantly changing, the prosthesis had to be changed and remodelled constantly. In spite of all this it caused

constant pain by its pressure which Freud bore heroically without complaint. But he was sensitive about the resulting speech defect which made it at times difficult to understand him. It became more and more his habit to live in seclusion and to see, besides his family and his analysands, only his intimates or those in whom he was particularly interested. He was still more sensitive about being observed while eating and the invitations to sit down at his table where I had been a regular guest for many years became few and were given grudgingly.

Although he nominally retained his presidency of the Vienna group he was always absent from the meetings. In order to comply with the wishes of the members who did not want to lose contact with him entirely, a new kind of meeting was instituted. They were held at Freud's house at intervals of four to six weeks, and a part of the membership was invited in rotation. Usually some analysts from other groups were present as guests. I was there several times and found these gatherings, where the carefully selected lecturers naturally tried to give their best, much more interesting than our average meetings. The highlight of the evening was, of course, Freud's discussion of the topic. I remember especially well one occasion when Dr. Nunberg gave a profound, but very speculative, paper. Freud opened his remarks by reminding us of a picture well known in Austria, by Moriz von

Schwind, representing an episode from the legend of St. Wolfgang. It shows the devil who has made a contract with the Saint to provide the stones with which a church was to be build (he is, of course, in the end cheated of his reward) pushing a great load of rocks on a wheelbarrow uphill, while the Saint is seen in the background in his bishop's vestments, praying in dignified repose. "Mine," said Freud, "was the devil's lot. I had to get the stones out of the quarry as best I could and was glad when I succeeded in arranging them willy-nilly so that they formed something like a building. I had to do the rough work in a rough way. Now it is your turn and you may sit down in peaceful meditation and so design the plan for a harmonious edifice, a thing that I had never a chance to do." It was high praise, but behind it was a shade of irony, not an unusual thing with Freud.

The place of the dwindling human contacts was taken by a new companionship, and a quite unexpected one. Freud had never been overfond of dogs, but he had told us several times and with evident relish the story of a chow dog which belonged to an analysand, and was permitted to accompany his master to the analytic hour. Freud spoke with great admiration of the tact and intelligence of this dog. "When he came in, he went always to the same place. There he remained lying during the hour, making no disturbing sound or movement. When the end of the hour was near he

rose punctually, came over to the couch and said as clearly as words could have made it: "Now, that's quite enough of this sort of stuff. Let's get out of here."

His daughter Anna, who loved dogs, became the owner of a big Alsatian, named Rolf. He was a very nice and friendly dog, but somewhat big and noisy for the apartment. Freud, instead of protesting, grew very fond of the dog and enjoyed his pranks, spoiling him not a little. Not much later Marie, Princess of Greece (a great-granddaughter of Napoleon's brother Lucien), became his disciple and an excellent psychoanalytic research worker. She was a frequent guest in his house and as a friend of the family she may have heard Freud's story of his analysand's dog, or else it may have been her own warm feeling about her chow which she "projected" to Freud that led her to present him with a chow. This dog was the son—or the daughter—of Tatoun who belonged to the princess and united in his manner the dignity of a nobleman with the polished manners of a courtier. Freud became very fond of the dog and still more of its offspring, the puppies, that looked like yellow-eyed, blue-mouthed, untidy balls of yarn. From then on, I seldom saw Freud without one of his dogs. In the midst of his talk and in spite of his pains he gave them constantly some attention—watching them tenderly, superintending their food and drink, playing with them as he used to play with his ring.

So the years went by, each adding slightly to the triple load of old age, pain, and the threat of imminent death. The tender care and nursing by those around him, especially his youngest daughter, brought some alleviation. But what counted in his life more than anything else did not undergo any change at all: his work, his gift for new and original thought, his insistence on distinguishing between truth and verisimilitude—those were still as much a part of him as the breath of life.

Every time I came to Vienna I saw how in the meantime his appearance had undergone a subtle change until the middle-aged, wiry man, whom I had known so long, was transformed into the picture of bowed-down, icy-grey, shrivelled old age. But his spirit I found as strong and age-free as ever.

I had left Berlin and settled in Boston, becoming, without knowing it, the vanguard of an impending mass-movement. Before I had been away from Germany a year, Hitler rose to power. With growing concern I looked at the dark cloud that stood over Europe. If it was given time to expand and develop, Austria must be its next victim. Hitler's plans for war and conquest were no secrets; he had proclaimed them loudly for all the world to hear. Would he be given the time he needed for his preparations and then a free hand to act? Had the moment arrived when European civilization was ready to collapse, when its life-cycle was closed, as had happened at the time of the decline and fall

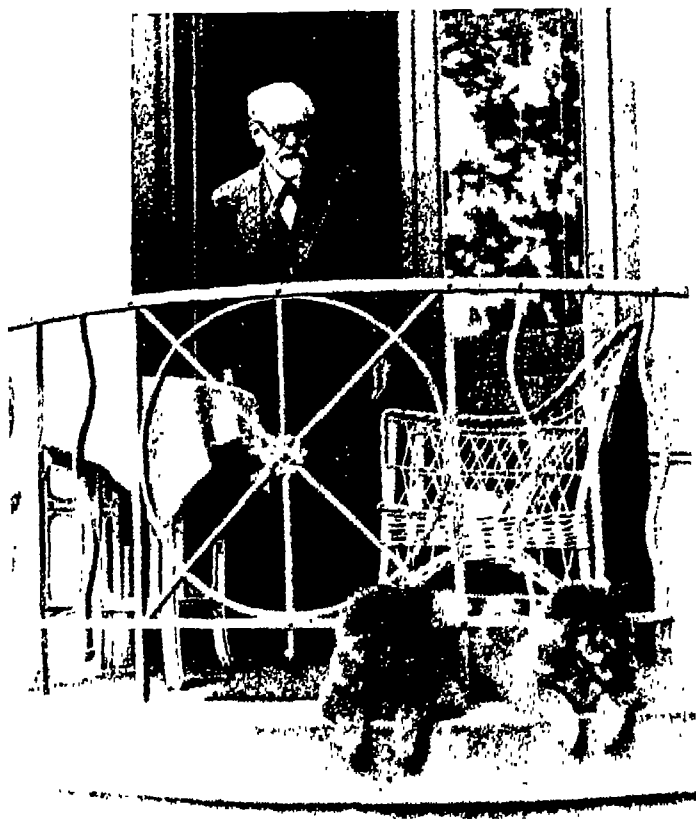
of the Roman empire? These questions were not present in my mind with the clarity with which they appeared afterwards on the world's horizon, but I, like thousands of others, felt their growing pressure.

In the midst of grief and care, of pain and infirmity, Freud went on with his work. He was then studying the early history of Israel, writing his last book: *Moses and Monotheism*. While he was occupied with these labours his eightieth birthday (6th May, 1936) arrived. I could not leave my work at the time, but had to wait for my vacation. About two months later I arrived in Europe and went straight-ways to Vienna. Freud had moved for the summer to a house with a large garden in a suburb of the city, formerly a village named Grinzing. There in the old days my grandfather had owned a ramshackle house with a large garden and vineyard where I had spent all the summers of my childhood. No place in the world brought back so many reminiscences as this to which I added now a new one—that of my last meeting with Freud in Vienna. When he had a good day he, who had been such an indefatigable walker, was able to climb step by step the ascending garden path, at other times he moved in a wheel chair while I walked at his side. He spoke little of his work but pointed out the interesting things in his garden and asked me about the position of psychoanalysis in the United States and of my personal situation in the new country.

My praise of America, as I had learned to know her, did not change his old coldness.

His family told me about the birthday. Freud had kept himself in the strictest seclusion; he had not participated in any of the public and private solemnizations, and no congratulating visitor was admitted except his family and nearest friends. I was shown the address presented to him by a great number of the "representative men" of his time—scientists, scholars, authors and artists. In his presence only one very quiet form of celebration took place, but it had left a lasting impression on all who were there. Thomas Mann had read to Freud and his family, in the strictest privacy, the paper that he had given at the public meeting in honour of Freud. (It has been published since and is the essay to which I have alluded before as the most comprehensive and profound characterization of Freud's work.)

This happened in the summer of 1936. Less than two years later Freud had to leave as a fugitive and exile the place where he had begun and completed his life-work. When it happened he was not disturbed, hardly surprised.



Hans Caspary

Freud in his Summer Place

CHAPTER IX

The Parting

THE INCREDIBLE, the long foreseen happened: Hitler invaded Austria and the rest of the world stood by without lifting a finger. The Nazis responded at once to the new situation by throwing all restraint to the winds. From now on they were bent on unleashing and aggravating their ferocity. Terrorism, always dear to their hearts, became the weapon on which they relied. The brutalities committed during five years in Germany—and they had been dealt out unsparingly—were exceeded in the first few days after the occupation and they increased steadily.

A great part of this had certainly been planned beforehand, but it sprouted with astounding luxuriance in the excellent soil offered by Vienna. For some days or even weeks the old city lost her head and most of her inhabitants lived in a state of high exaltation, as if the very air they breathed had intoxicated them. (This is founded on the description of more than one reliable eye-witness.)

The real cause of this universal jubilation was not political enthusiasm, nor hate against the Jews. It can hardly be understood by anyone who does not know what "Hetz" means to the Viennese mind. (The word, like most dialect expressions, is

untranslatable; "exciting frolic" would come nearest to its meaning.) At this time it was more desirable than ever. For years—since the end of the inflation period—nothing else had happened to stay the inexorable, monotonous progress of general impoverishment and unemployment. This sliding down was not even relieved by a dramatic accent; it had no traits other than dreariness and hopelessness. And now the sudden change had come: boundless hopes were excited by the promises and propaganda of the Nazis, fanaticism lent glowing colours to everything that happened and, best of all, exciting spectacles were offered free of charge on every side. Here was an impressive military parade, there a glorious political pageant; on one street corner a well-dressed Jewish woman had to scrub the sidewalk, on the next a venerable, bearded rabbi was exposed to the jeers of the mob. It was a good show for those who do not care by what sufferings a spectacle is produced nor trouble their minds about the inevitable consequences.

Long before things began to happen, Freud's situation had been considered as an especially dangerous one in the case of a Nazi invasion. His books had been solemnly burned in Berlin, his name was among the first on the proscription-list. Offers of an asylum, a place of safety in a better protected country, had been made from several sides, but he had steadfastly refused to accept them. He decided he would prefer to stay and run the risk. After he

had made up his mind, he reacted in his characteristic manner: he refused to let himself be intimidated and instead of listening to hearsays and speculations he withdrew his thoughts from the matter as settled once for all and turned to his work.

In the first days after the catastrophe it was not possible to obtain anything better than vague and confusing rumours. Moreover, I was deeply worried about my next of kin and was fully occupied by trying different ways of getting in contact with them so as to be able to rescue them as soon as possible. My anxiety was not alleviated by the fact that they were quiet and peaceful people without any political affiliations. The earliest reports showed that the persecution raged blindly and without the least discrimination. Among my more distant relatives a boy who was weak and underdeveloped in body as well as in mind, an only child, was taken from his parents. A few days later they received a postcard with the information that the boy was dead. They never knew whether he was killed or died of sheer fright. The *Sturm-Abteilung* (Storm Troopers) plundered Jewish homes quite indiscriminately; from the wealthy they took money and jewels, from the poor their paltry trinkets. Some of my old friends and acquaintances were killed on the spot or disappeared in a concentration camp. They had been, without exception, perfectly harmless persons who were taken away from their stores and offices or other ordinary

pursuits and neither they nor their tormentors knew why they had been picked out.

In the midst of these troubles I tried in vain by various ways to obtain authentic information about Freud and what had happened to him. The first news by which my worst anxieties were relieved I got through the help of Dr. Merrill Moore, who then as in many other cases showed himself as the most eager and reliable friend in need. He brought me in contact with a gentleman of the Associated Press who was able to reassure me of Freud's personal safety. Some weeks later I became acquainted with the general outline of the events during the most critical time. The characteristic details concerning Freud were told to me more than a year later, during my stay in London, by different members of his household.

At the news of the invasion Ernest Jones came from London and Marie, Princess of Greece, from Paris, with the greatest possible expedition, to Vienna. These, together with Mrs. Dorothy Burlingham of New York who had lived in Vienna almost as a member of the Freud family, formed a sort of bodyguard. They used their interest with the diplomatic representatives of their respective countries; since Freud was a citizen of Austria these consuls and envoys of foreign powers could not give him their formal protection, but the fact that a member of one of the embassies was at all times available prevented the worst outrages. The time

was not yet quite ripe for the Nazis to provoke international frictions. In this way Freud was spared the personal insults and injuries which were inflicted on thousands of defenceless old men and women, with the purpose that the younger generation should be given an edifying spectacle and an instructive example

Freud, in these days of turmoil and devastation, when he was unable to work with his analysands, had given full attention to another task. He was translating a little book by the Princess Marie, called *Topsy*. She described in it her changing attitude, her compassion and growing tenderness for one of her chow dogs who had suffered from a cancer in the mouth and had been rescued from death by a successful operation.

While Freud was occupied with this work, which tells of the extinction and resurrection of life, some indignities were averted for him and his family by the tact and energy of Frau Professor. When a number of Storm Troopers entered the apartment the little old lady greeted them with such determined politeness and invited them in such a natural manner to be seated that they felt somewhat embarrassed—a rare thing with them in these days—and refrained from carrying away the silver ware and other easily removable valuables. They even forgot to start destroying the furniture or cutting strips out of the carpets as was done in the homes of many others. Instead, they contented themselves

with asking for five thousand shillings (Austrian money) cash. Frau Professor went into her husband's study and when she had told him that some Storm Troopers were outside demanding five thousand shillings he lifted his head for a moment from his work and said: "That is more than I ever got for a single visit." The money was paid, and the men left.

In the meantime the parley about permission to emigrate went on. Freud had been invited by the English government to take his residence in England and the permit was finally granted, without too much difficulty. Of course the Nazis confiscated everything they could lay their hands on. They took the Publishing House (*Psychoanalytischer Verlag*), the Institute, and the Clinic, lock, stock, and barrel. By the sacrifice of a large sum of money, Princess Marie succeeded in buying back Freud's collections and his library, which accompanied him to England. The books produced by the Publishing House were ordered to be destroyed. But that was not all. The Nazis were bent on showing their true spirit of chicanery, their unique ability for misuse of power. First of all, Anna Freud was summoned to Gestapo headquarters and given the third degree by examinations lasting several hours, in an attempt to get a confession from her as to how and when money had been sent out of the country or otherwise concealed. When this proved of no avail, the Nazis resorted to a last trick of meanness and wilful

destruction. Dr. Martin Freud, Freud's oldest son, who had been for some time at the head of the Publishing House had taken the precaution of sending a part of the volumes of the *Collected Papers* (*Gesammelte Werke*) which represented the most valuable assets of the *Verlag* to Switzerland and of keeping them in store there, under the protection of a neutral country. The Nazi authorities now notified Freud that he or his son would not be permitted to cross the frontier until these books had been transported at his expense back to Vienna for the sole purpose of being destroyed, under official supervision. Not until they had forced him to assist them in stamping out the last vestige of his scientific activity did they let him go. The books were burned, the organization dissolved, the funds confiscated, the disciples dispersed—now everything was ended. At least that is what they thought.

Freud was greeted on his way through Paris by the American ambassador to France, Mr. Bullitt, and got a warm welcome in England. Government officials and scientific institutions received him with respect and courtesy. A great deal of publicity was given to his arrival. As soon as possible he escaped from it and resumed his existence—that is to say, his work—in the old persistent, unostentatious way as if nothing extraordinary had happened to bring him from Berggasse 19 to 20 Maresfield Gardens.

I now had the opportunity to resume our correspondence and did so with out delay although

ordinarily my letters had been few and far between. The motive for this was not laziness, but my conscience. I knew that a considerable part of his time was taken up by his correspondence; I also knew by experience that he would reply instantly to every letter. I wrote therefore only when I had something of real importance to report or to ask him. A less manifest motive was my reluctance to join the motley crowd of those who tried to invade his privacy—which had also kept me from being among the number of those who felt obliged or entitled to give him a present at his seventieth birthday. (Instead at the occasion of my last visit in Vienna I had given him a little Mayan household god, carved in black stone, which I had brought from Guatemala.)

I acquainted Freud with my plan to continue the *Imago* which I had fathered in Vienna nearly thirty years ago and wanted to keep alive, here in this country, as an English language periodical. He answered in a letter of 11th July, 1938: "Your plan for a new, English language *Imago* in America did not please me at first. The reason was that we had decided that we would not let the light be extinguished completely in Germany; with this purpose in mind we planned to call upon the help of a neutral or English publication to publish a new periodical as the inheritor of the two deceased ones with both their names on the title page. It didn't seem practical to me to create another sister-*Imago*

which would cut off the water or, to express it more aptly, drink off the milk of ours. The two others [this refers to Anna Freud and Ernest Jones] contradicted me; they didn't think much of the danger and emphasized the importance of a new periodical in your country for the preparation of a group in which the friends of our analysis would meet. Therefore I have retracted my objection and shown my repentance by proposing that your periodical should be called 'American Imago' and enter into alliance with our new project. I am ready to accept the editorship and I wish I could do more. . . ."

This letter became the foundingstone for the *American Imago*, the first issue of which was published in November, 1939.

Freud's next letter, dated August, 1938, was his reaction to the manuscript of an essay of mine, entitled *The Measure in "Measure for Measure"*. He called it "the best of your writings I have ever read" and added some more specific praise.

For his third and last letter (12th March, 1939) no comment is needed or possible. Here follows a part of it: "I am appalled to find in the heap, amassed on my writing desk, a letter of yours dated 13th February. I don't know if you have guessed for yourself the right explanation of my silence, but feel obliged all the same to confirm your guess and to round it off.

"The fact is that since my operation in September I have suffered from uninterrupted pains in the jaw

which didn't cease after a fragment of the bone had been expelled. To cut a long story short, the result of many investigations was that a recidivation of my old complaint had occurred. The treatment which was decided on consists in a combination of X-rays from without and radium from within; it is at least a bit more gentle than to cut off my head which would have been the other alternative, and it promises to add some weeks or months of life. The doctors claim for their therapy even some possibility of real effectiveness. All the same, I don't deceive myself about the chances of the final result at my age. I feel tired and exhausted by all that they do to me. As a way to the unavoidable end it is as good as any other one although I would not have chosen it myself.

"The *Moses*, printed in German by Allert de Lange, made its appearance here to-day in two copies. Quite a worthy exit, I believe. Princess Marie, who now stays with us, has got one of the copies.

"Anna thinks, and so do I, that the name *American Imago* for your reborn periodical would be irreproachable.

"I congratulate you on the reunion with your family and greet you in old cordiality."

When I was able, four months after this letter, in July, 1939, to satisfy my supreme desire and to set out on the trip to England, I was not in high spirits nor in a mood of happy expectation; yet the reality

turned out to be in some respects more disheartening than the anticipation. In spite of all that, it is one of the precious memories of my life.

I knew for certain that I had gone to my last meeting with Freud—and with Europe. The war clouds were hanging so near our heads in these days that even in America all those who did not close their eyes intentionally were aware of the approaching storm. For both these sad and shattering events, war and death, I was fully prepared. The great—and dismal—surprise was the baffling and self-contradictory attitude I found in England. On top of that the London climate played its usual tricks with my health. I had an energetic reminder of my old tuberculosis and was compelled to lie in bed some time in a hotel room and then to stay a week or two in the country.

In the boat train from Plymouth to London the blinds were drawn and the countryside was thoroughly blacked out; it happened to be a test-night. All around London the barrage balloons were floating on their steel cables. In Hyde Park there was a big anti-aircraft gun, its muzzle pointing threateningly against the sky. I had been prepared for all that but was surprised that these signals of an impending, dreadful disaster were universally disregarded—or, to be accurate, were not exactly overlooked but taken as a bit of a nuisance which had to be complied with till normal times would return. People spoke about it all as they would about a

visit to the dentist: It's inconvenient and it may hurt a little, but it has to be gone through and will soon be over anyhow. The grandiose English passion for understatement—if one can speak of a passion for being dispassionate—had got the better of their foresight.

Some of the defence measures showed, even to the eye of the uninitiated outsider, the same curious trait. In the garden of the hotel near Ascot where I stayed during my convalescence, I saw in the midst of a beautiful English lawn a trench in a zig-zagging line, three to four feet deep and five feet wide, starting and ending at nowhere in particular. Upon asking what this meant, I was told that this was the hotel's military defence against invasion, executed according to official advice. In London I was shown some of the first air-raid shelters, but a friend who had amassed a rich experience from being bombed during the First World War confirmed my impression by stating that in case of an air-raid he would prefer the most exposed rooftop to one of these man-traps.

It would be preposterous to trot out these observations as a belated criticism of English efficiency. They are mentioned here to describe and explain the feeling of gloom that enveloped me and which not even the sight of the lovely English countryside could dispel. Although I was not in the mood to reason it out clearly and completely, yet it dawned on me—chilling my blood—that the English mind

was alien to the bestial realities of war and therefore simply unfit to assimilate them beforehand. The people knew already that war was unavoidable, but they did not comprehend nor did they want to learn what war, the impending war, "Blitz-war" style, meant. The Germans, on the other hand, threw themselves wholeheartedly into this prospect, which was congenial to their master-minds, and were delighted by applying their energies with the greatest thoroughness to every detail of it.

In some ways the atmosphere around Freud was similar to that of the war-threatened country. To a casual observer everything would have looked peaceful and calm. The house was comfortable and airy, its rooms much better than the poky little study in Vienna. The garden was not large, but it had a fine lawn, and old trees greeted one over the walls. Anna Freud had taken up her work of child-analysis. At one of the meetings I could see that the scientific level was as high as it had been in Vienna. But behind this thin curtain of surface appearances stood the dreadful reality, the presence of constant pain and suffering, the spectre of death. Yet, in one point what happened here was widely different from the general attitude to the menace of war: Freud refused then, as he had in his last letter, to lighten his burden by self-deception or wilful ignorance. Unflinching, without even using the emotional refuge of self-dramatization, he met his fate.

As long as I was in London I came at least once

daily to the house. Tante Minna—she died shortly afterwards—had become nearly completely blind; she had to use a stick to find her way cautiously from the living room to the porch, but she was still interested in a bit of talk about Fontane. She and Frau Professor told me some stories about Vienna after the invasion, and in their quiet and restrained expressions these savage deeds seemed more fantastic than ever.

I saw Freud himself often, but always only for a short time. I learned that the pain in his mouth hardly ever permitted him to find sleep at night. Now and then he slumbered for a half hour or so in a sort of swing-couch that had been constructed in the garden. He looked very ill and incredibly old. It was evident that he pronounced every word at the cost of an enormous effort which nearly went beyond his strength. But these torments had not worn down his will. I learned that he still kept his analytical hours whenever he had a time of slight alleviation of pain and that he still wrote his letters with his own hand when he was strong enough to hold the pen.

He started occasionally a talk about the situation of psychoanalysis in America and to my surprise I found that he kept in touch with these things as closely as he had done for more than thirty years. He discussed problems and personalities of the psychoanalytic movement in America with full knowledge of the details, without a single slip.



Freud in his Study

The greatest part of the time we—the family and Princess Marie who was in those days the other constant visitor - stayed in the garden and looked over the lawn where he rested, sometimes in light slumber, sometimes caressing his chow who did not leave his side for a moment. But not once did I hear him complain; no moan or lamentation came from his lips.

Then came the hour of parting. Knowing how he felt about every sort of emotional display I spoke only a few indifferent words concerning my travel and about some of the psychoanalytical affairs awaiting me at home. He pressed my hand and said: "I know that I have at least *one* friend in America."—

Those were the last words I heard from his lips.

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